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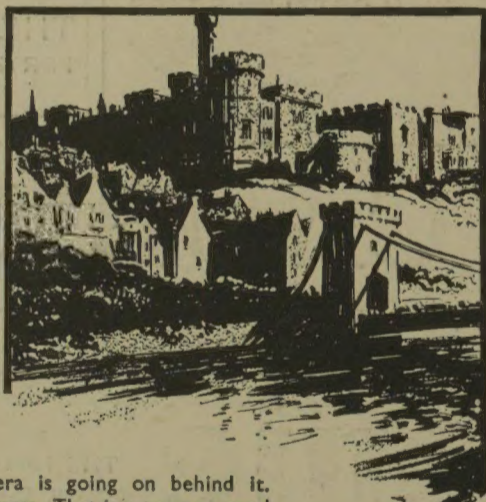
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SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1932.



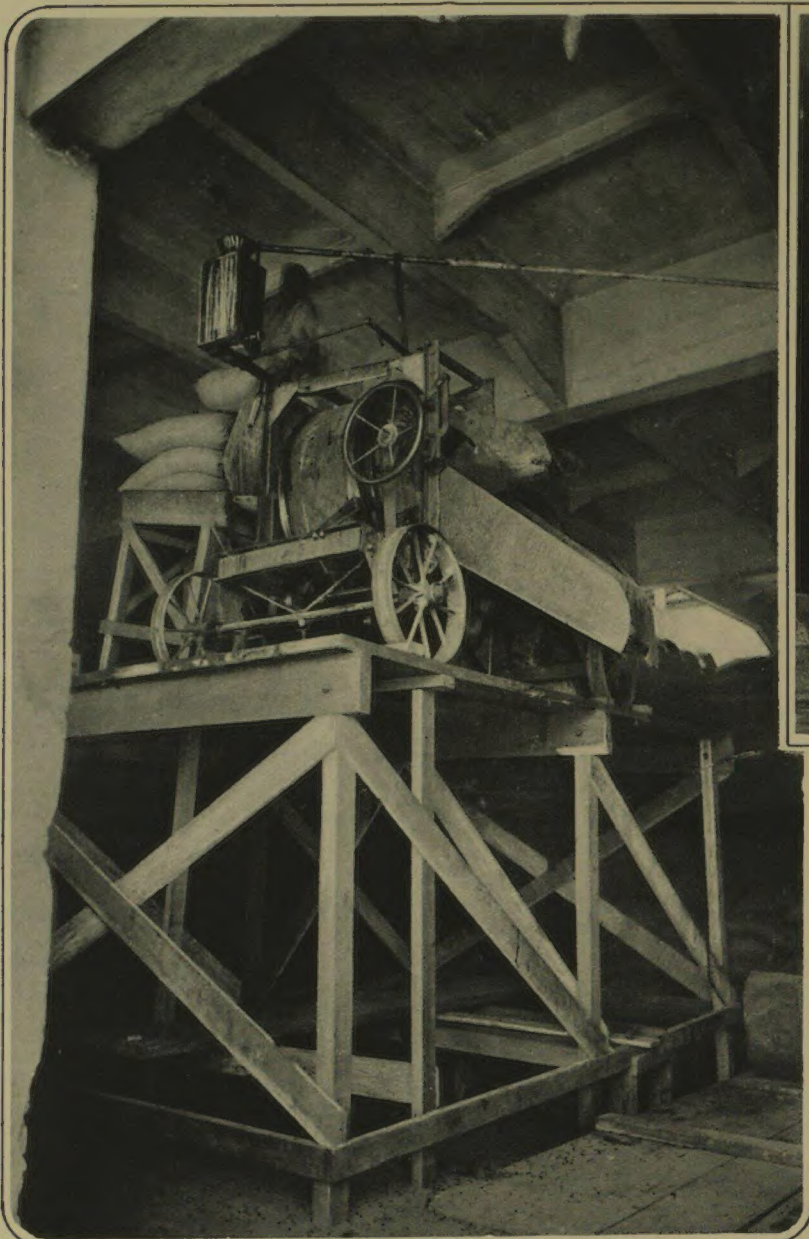
**A THOUSAND MILLION LB. OF GOOD COFFEE DESTROYED—TO STABILISE PRICES: BRAZILIANS WAIST-DEEP IN UNWANTED BEANS, SOME £10,000,000 - WORTH OF WHICH HAS BEEN JETTISONED, TARRED, OR BURNT.**

The tragedy of over-production, or, rather, of ill-distribution, has nowhere been more poignant than in the case of Brazilian coffee. Coffee should be Brazil's greatest source of wealth, for no less than two-thirds of the world's total crop is harvested there. Yet, with vanishing markets, attempts to stabilise the price have

already resulted in the destruction of over a thousand million lb. of Brazilian coffee, worth (theoretically) over £10,000,000. It is reported that the original plan of the National Coffee Council contemplated a total destruction of 18 million bags, or 2,376,000,000 lb. (SEE ALSO PAGES 74 AND 75.) COPYRIGHT DORIAN LEIGH-MUNKAUSI.

# COFFEE CREOSOTED TO RENDER IT INEDIBLE—AND MADE INTO FUEL.

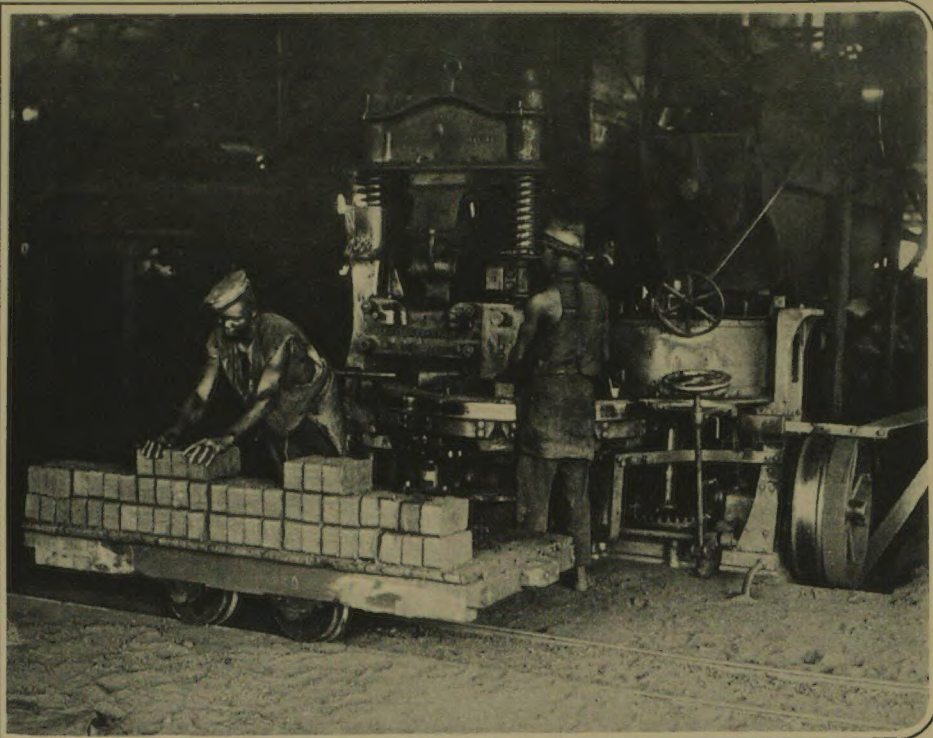
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AN EXTRAORDINARY ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION: A DEVICE USED FOR SPRAYING SURPLUS BRAZILIAN COFFEE WITH CREOSOTE OIL TO RENDER IT UNPALATABLE AND MAKE IT EASIER TO PRESS INTO FUEL-BRICKS.

WHAT much of its grain is to Canada, much of its meat to Argentina, much of its wine to Hungary—a treasure of no value, ware that cannot be sold at the moment—so is coffee to Brazil. Brazil produces three-quarters of the world's total coffee harvest; but, although it takes years of care and skilled agriculture to produce the final coffee-bean, the unsalable surplus is the cause of more trouble to the country than the growing of the commodity itself. It is essential for Brazil to get rid of her excess of coffee in order to give a chance to the new crop each July. As we note on our front page, over a thousand million pounds of beans had been destroyed by the middle of last June—dumped in the Atlantic; burned in the plantations or as locomotive fuel, or reduced to ashes in the furnaces of Rio's gasworks. Every day a ship laden up to her decks with coffee heads for the open sea. A scuttle is

[Continued above.]



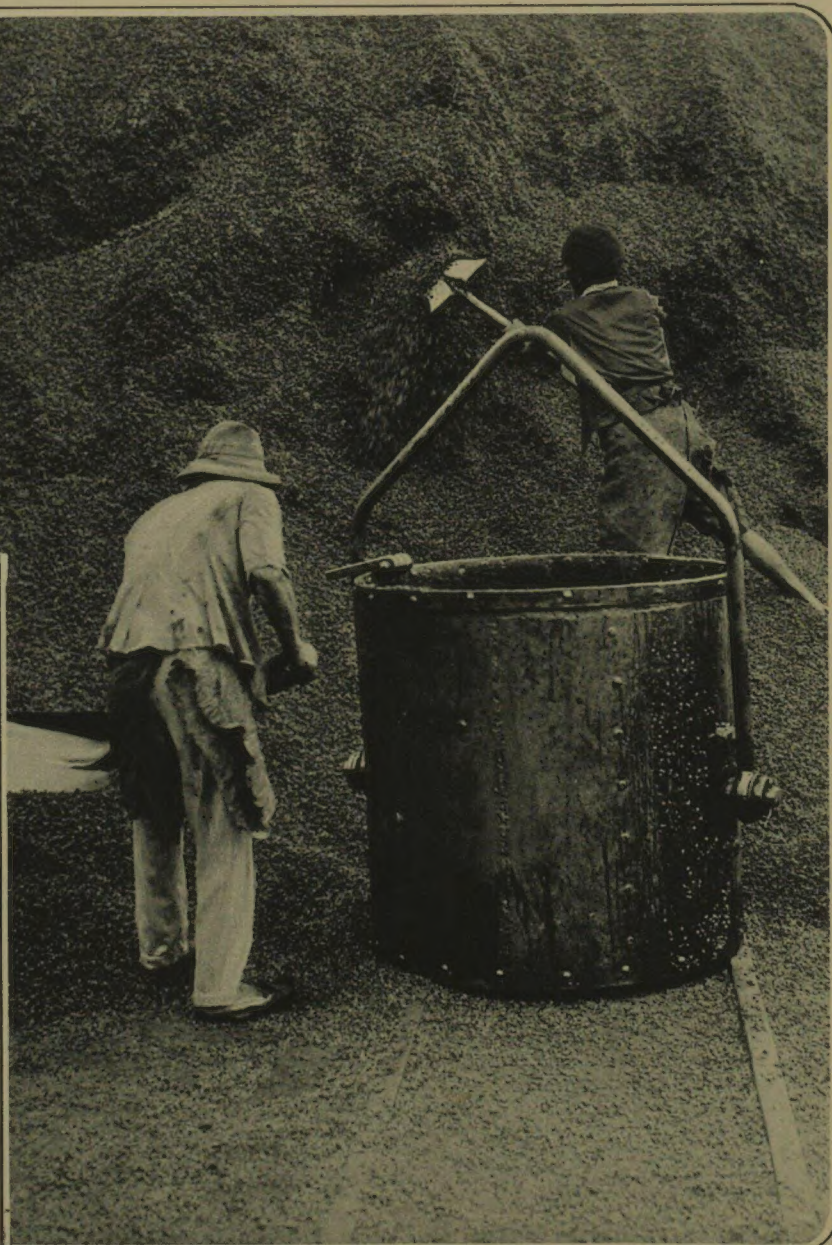
PRESSING COFFEE INTO BRICKS FOR USE AS FUEL IN LOCOMOTIVES: BRITISH MACHINERY EMPLOYED IN BRAZIL TO STABILISE PRICES BY PERFORMING AN ASTONISHING TASK OF DESTRUCTION!

opened, or a squad of workmen sets to with shovels, and all this valueless commodity disappears for ever into the water. Police at the docks keep a watchful eye to see that the work of destruction is really carried out; for destruction is an attempt at price-stabilisation and is performed by an official body, the National Coffee Council. In Canada millions of bushels of grain remain stored in gigantic elevators; in Argentina the meat rots; in Hungary a village short of water puts out a fire with wine; and in Brazil millions and millions of bags of coffee are done away with! And it adds to the irony of this wholesale destruction that it costs a very great deal of money. Thousands of labourers shovel the coffee into sacks, and cart it to the ships and to the furnaces. One of these casual workers, asked if he had

[Continued opposite.]



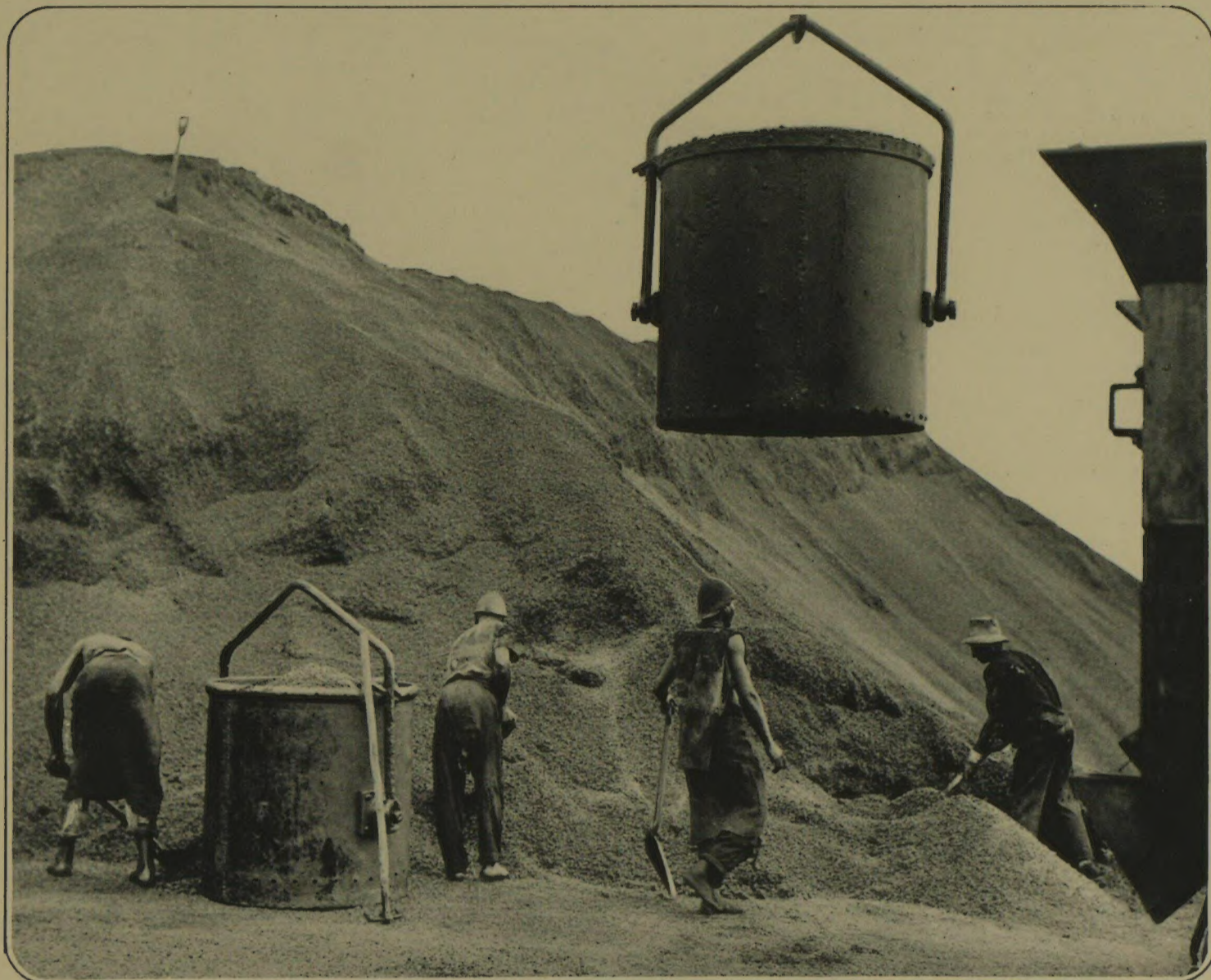
READY FOR CONSUMPTION—BUT NOT THE HUMAN CONSUMPTION FOR WHICH IT WAS ORIGINALLY DESTINED: COFFEE IN BRICK FORM FOR USE AS FUEL.



A PLAN ADOPTED FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAKING COFFEE UNPALATABLE—AND NOT WORTH STEALING! MIXING A VAST PILE OF THE BEANS WITH TAR.

# STABILISING PRICES! SURPLUS BRAZILIAN COFFEE TARRED OR JETTISONED.

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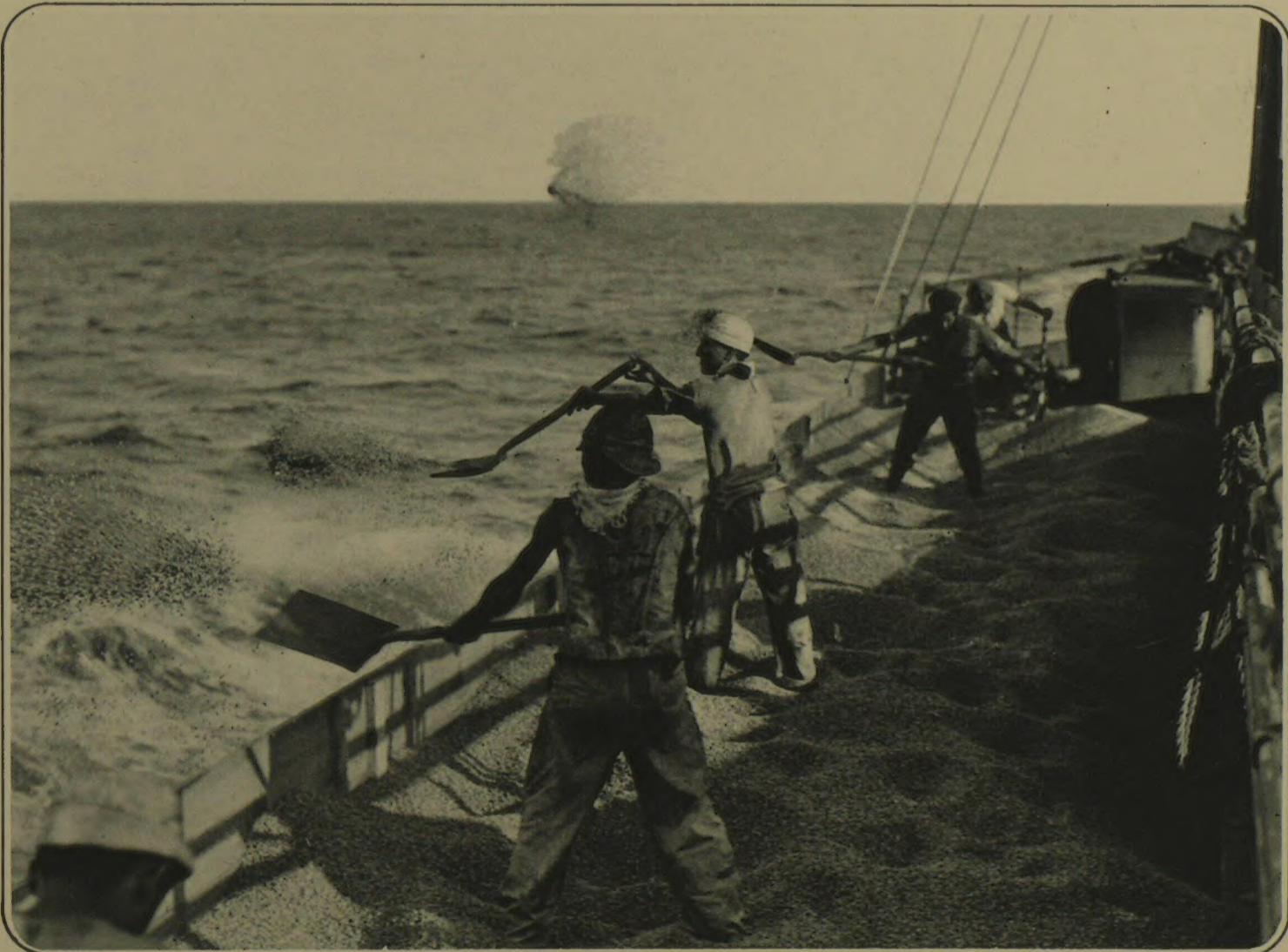


a great extent coffee-driven now), it must first be pressed into brick form, and for this purpose some liquid admixture is essential. If water was used it would be necessary to draw the water off again after pressure. This refinement is an instance of the recent growth of the destructive technique. The official National Coffee Council of Brazil attempts to ensure that only lower-grade coffees are destroyed, and directs much attention to the problems of improving and of cheapening methods of destruction. The favoured method, for example, of depositing the beans in the Atlantic is to employ a boat equipped with special holds, each provided with an easily operated scuttle, through which the coffee quickly and cheaply disappears. It is of great interest to note that, according to a recent report, negotiations have been concluded for the direct barter of 350,000 tons of German coal against additional German imports of Brazilian coffee.

SEEKING TO STABILISE PRICES BY REGULATING SUPPLY: A MOUNTAIN OF UNWANTED COFFEE BEING MIXED WITH TAR, IN ORDER TO RENDER IT INEDIBLE AND THUS VALUELESS IN THE WORLD-MARKETS—AND TO THIEVES!

a job, answered: "Yes; so long as the depression lasts I can find work, but who knows if I'll have any bread when things are normal again!" What a solution to the unemployment problem! The sea around Rio de Janeiro is full of coffee; from Santos the smoke of burning coffee ascends interminably; and in those factories in which some use is found for the unwanted stores, mountains of coffee are sprayed with creosote oil or tar to prevent them from being consumed in the way that Nature and man intended. It is another economic paradox that precautions should be necessary to prevent the theft of a commodity which it is most economical to throw away! The mixing with unpalatable substances does, in fact, serve a dual purpose. Before the coffee can be converted into fuel (and Brazilian locomotives are to

[Continued above.]



THOUSANDS OF POUNDS OF COFFEE DUMPED INTO THE ATLANTIC: JETTISONING A CARGO OF BEANS ON THE HIGH SEAS, LABOUR THAT WILL NOT OUTLIVE THE PRESENT CONDITION OF WORLD-DEPRESSION COUPLED WITH SURPLUS SUPPLIES.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT grows plainer, every day, that those of us who cling to crumbling creeds and dogmas, and defend the dying traditions of the Dark Ages, will soon be left alone defending the most obviously decaying of all those ancient dogmas: the idea called Democracy. It has taken not quite a lifetime, roughly my own lifetime, to bring it from the top of its success, or alleged success, to the bottom of its failure, or reputed failure. By the end of the nineteenth century, millions of men were accepting democracy without knowing why. By the end of the twentieth century, it looks as if millions of people would be rejecting democracy, also without knowing why. In such a straight, strictly logical and unwavering line does the Mind of Man advance along the great Path of Progress.

Anyhow, at the moment, democracy is not only being abused, but being very unfairly abused. Men are blaming universal suffrage, merely because they are not enlightened enough to blame original sin. There is one simple test for deciding whether popular political evils are due to original sin. And that is to do what none or very few of these modern malcontents are doing; to state any sort of moral claim for any other sort of political system. The essence of democracy is very simple and, as Jefferson said, self-evident. If ten men are wrecked together on a desert island, the community consists of those ten men, their welfare is the social object, and normally their will is the social law. If they have not a natural claim to rule themselves, which of them has a natural claim to rule the rest? To say that the cleverest or boldest will rule is to beg the moral question. If his talents are used for the community, in planning voyages or distilling water, then he is the servant of the community; which is, in that sense, his sovereign. If his talents are used against the community, by stealing rum or poisoning water, why should the community submit to him? and is it in the least likely that it will? In such a simple case as that, everybody can see the popular basis of the thing, and the advantage of government by consent. The trouble with democracy is that it has never, in modern times, had to do with such a simple case as that. In other words, the trouble with democracy is not democracy. It is certain artificial anti-democratic things that have, in fact, thrust themselves into the modern world to thwart and destroy democracy.

Modernity is not democracy; machinery is not democracy; the surrender of everything to trade and commerce is not democracy. Capitalism is not democracy; and is admittedly, by trend and savour, rather against democracy. Plutocracy by definition is not democracy. But all these modern things forced themselves into the world at about the time, or shortly after the time, when great idealists like Rousseau and Jefferson happened to have been thinking about the democratic ideal of democracy. It is tenable that the ideal was too idealistic to succeed.

It is not tenable that the ideal that failed was the same as the realities that did succeed. It is one thing to say that a fool went into a jungle and was devoured by wild beasts; it is quite another to say that he himself survives as the one and only wild beast. Democracy has had everything against it in practice, and that very fact may be something against it in theory. It may be argued that it has human life against it. But, at any rate, it is quite certain that it has modern

quite easily turned into a democracy. But it is horribly hard to turn what is called modern industrial democracy into a democracy.

That is why many men are now beginning to say that the democratic ideal is no longer in touch with the modern spirit. I strongly agree; and I strongly prefer the democratic ideal, which is at least an ideal, and therefore, an idea, to the modern spirit, which is simply modern and, therefore, already becoming ancient. I notice that the cranks, whom it would be more polite to call the idealists, are already hastening to shed this ideal. A well-known Pacifist, with whom I argued in Radical papers in my Radical days, and who then passed as a pattern Republican of the New Republic, went out of his way the other day to say, "The voice of the people is commonly the voice of Satan." The truth is that these Liberals never did really believe in popular government, any more than in anything else that was popular, such as public-houses or the Dublin Sweepstake. They did not believe in the democracy they invoked against kings and priests. But I did believe in it; and I do believe in it, though I much preferred to invoke it against prigs and faddists. I still believe it would be the most human sort of government, if it could be once more attempted in a more human time.

Unfortunately, humanitarianism has been the mark of an inhuman time. And by inhumanity, I do not mean merely cruelty; I mean the condition in which even cruelty ceases to be human. I mean the condition in which the rich man, instead of hanging six or seven of his enemies because he hates them, merely beggars and starves to death six or seven thousand people whom he does not hate, and has never seen, because they live at the other side of the world. I mean the condition in which the courtier or pander of the rich man, instead of excitedly mixing a rare, original poison for the Borgias, or carving an exquisitely ornamental poignard for the political purposes of the Medici, works monotonously in a factory turning out a small type of screw, which will fit into a plate he will never see; to form part of a gun he will never see; to be used in a battle he will never see, and about the merits of which he knows far less than the Renaissance rascal knew about the purposes of the poison and the dagger. In short, what is the matter with industrialism is indirection; the fact that nothing is straightforward; that all its ways are crooked even when they are meant to be straight. Into this most indirect of all systems we tried to fit the most direct of all

ideas. Democracy, an ideal which is simple to excess, was vainly applied to a society which was complex to the point of craziness. It is not so very surprising that such a vision has faded in such an environment. Personally, I like the vision; but it takes all sorts to make a world, and there actually are human beings walking about quite calmly in the daylight who appear to like the environment.

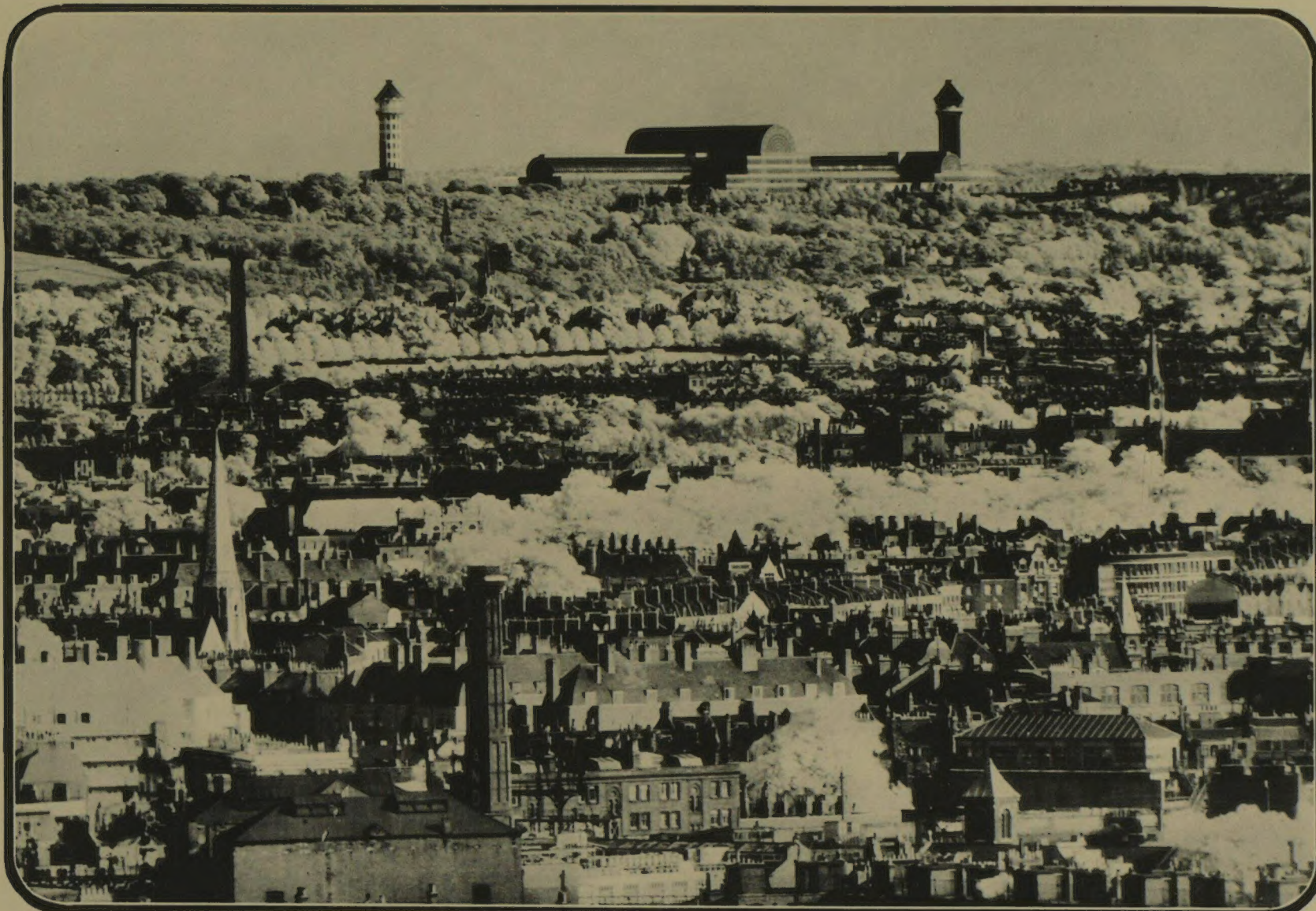


QUEEN ELIZABETH AFTER THE DEATH OF HER FAVOURITE, LEICESTER—A MOURNING RING ON THE LITTLE FINGER OF HER LEFT HAND: A PORTRAIT BY MARC GHEERARDTS THE YOUNGER, LATELY ACQUIRED FOR THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH.

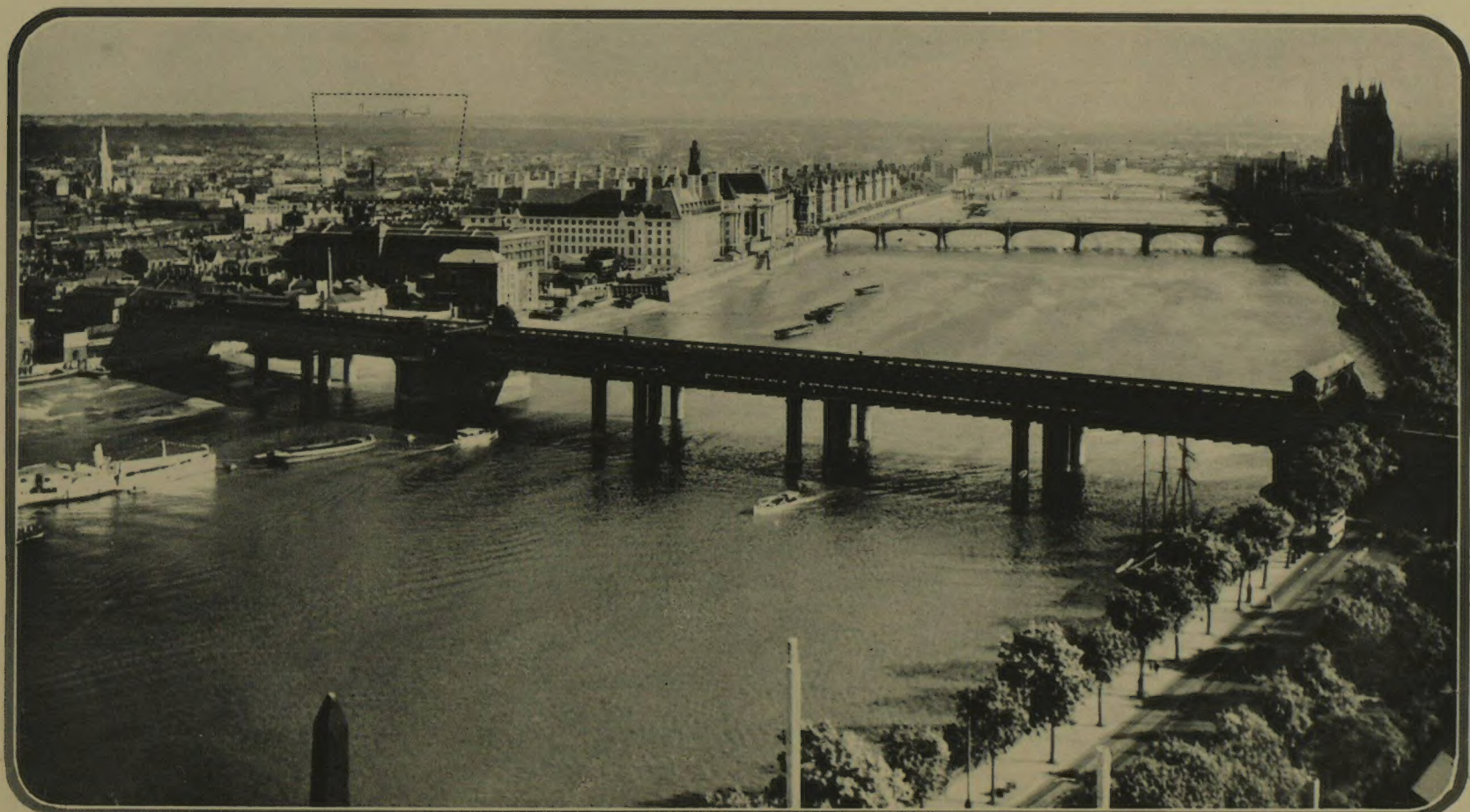
In the course of his speech on the occasion of the twenty-first anniversary of the Society for Nautical Research, which was celebrated at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, last week, Admiral Sir George Hope, the Chairman of Council, who presided, drew particular attention to this splendid portrait of Queen Elizabeth, saying that, after the defeat of the great Armada, the Queen, Howard of Effingham, the Lord High Admiral, and Francis Drake, the "General at Sea," sat, respectively, to Marc Gheerardts the Younger, Daniel Mytens, and Marc Gheerardts the Elder (See "A Page for Collectors"). The Queen, he pointed out, had ordered Court mourning for Leicester, who died in 1588, and, as a consequence, is shown wearing black, with a black mourning ring on the little finger of her left hand and attached by a black ribbon at her wrist.

life against it. The industrial and scientific world of the last hundred years has been much more unsuitable a setting for the experiment of self-government than would have been found in old conditions of agrarian or even nomadic life. Feudal manorial life was not a democracy; but it could have been much more easily turned into a democracy. Later peasant life, as in France or Switzerland, actually has been

# LONG-FOCUS INFRA-RED PHOTOGRAPHY VERSUS ORDINARY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A ROOF-TOP IN THE STRAND BY MEANS OF A CAMERA FITTED WITH A LONG-FOCUS LENS AND USING AN INFRA-RED PLATE AND FILTER: THE PALACE SEEMING TO DOMINATE ITS SURROUNDINGS AT SYDENHAM (SOME SEVEN MILES FROM THE STRAND) AND TO LOOM OVER A CONSIDERABLE, FORESHORTENED SECTION OF LONDON SOUTH OF THE THAMES—THE AREA COVERED BY THIS PHOTOGRAPH INDICATED ON THE LOWER PHOTOGRAPH BY DOTTED LINES.

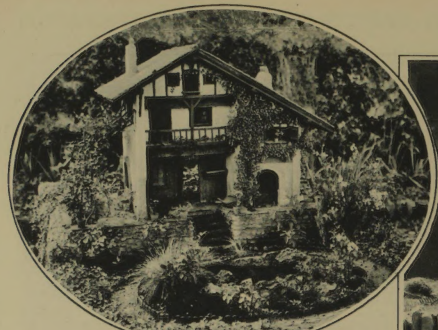


THE CRYSTAL PALACE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE SAME ROOF-TOP IN THE STRAND BY MEANS OF A CAMERA FITTED WITH AN ORDINARY LENS AND USING AN ORDINARY PLATE: THE PALACE VAGUELY VISIBLE ON THE HORIZON; IN THE FOREGROUND, THE EMBANKMENT AND THE TOP OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE; IN THE LEFT MIDDLE-DISTANCE, THE COUNTY HALL, HEADQUARTERS OF THE L.C.C.; ON THE RIGHT, THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT—THE AREA COVERED BY THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH HERE INDICATED BY DOTTED LINES.

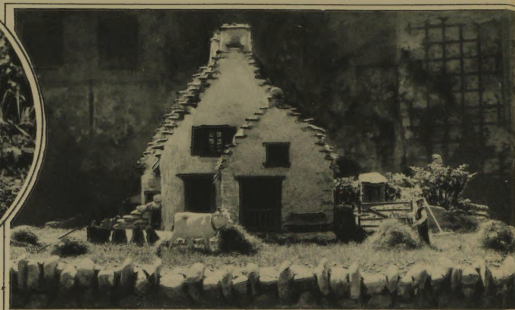
The photographs here contrasted—both taken from the roof of the new Shell-Mex building on the site of the old Hotel Cecil—illustrate remarkably well the possibilities of the long-focus lens used in conjunction with an infra-red plate and filter, as compared with those of the ordinary lens and plate. Our readers will recall that we have published a number of pictures taken by long-focus infra-red photography; notably in our issue of June 25 last. It remains but to repeat certain technical details then given. The use of

infra-red rays and the long-focus lens make it possible, for example, to photograph the French coast from Dover when it is barely visible to the eye of anyone at the point at which the camera is placed. (See our issue of May 14.) A second point is that a peculiarity of infra-red photography is that foliage appears white (see upper photograph). This effect is caused by the filter admitting only the reflection of infra-red rays. A third point to note is that the very evident foreshortening is due to the long-focus lens.

## VANISHING TYPES OF ARCHITECTURE



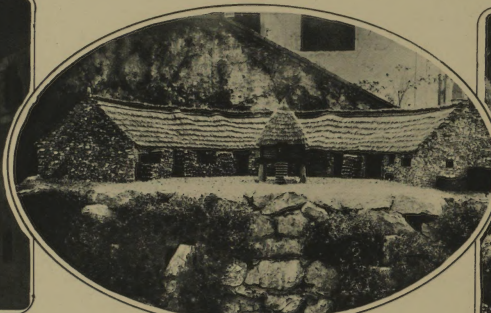
1. A MODEL OF A BASQUE FARM-HOUSE WITH ITS WATER-POOL FOR BIRDS: A TYPE POPULARISED IN FRANCE BY ROSTAND'S ARNAGA—WIDELY IMITATED ON FANTASTIC LINES.



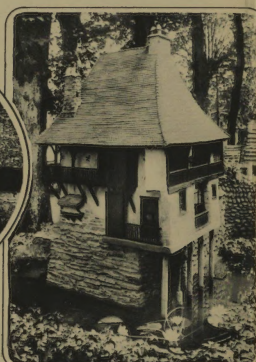
2. A MODEL OF A MOUNTAIN FARMSTEAD IN THE PYRENEES, AT CAMPAN IN THE VALLEY OF BIGORRE: A BUILDING IN THREE BLOCKS—DWELLING, COACH-HOUSE, AND STABLE.



3. A MODEL OF THE PRISON AT SORT WITH ITS OUTSIDE CAGE FOR PRISONERS: ONE OF THE BUILDINGS FORMING THE ARAGONESE VILLAGE (NO. 6).



4. A MODEL OF A SEMI-CIRCULAR FARM IN LEON (IN SPAIN): A VIEW SHOWING THE GRANARY, IN THE COURTYARD, RAISED ON PILLARS WITH PROJECTING STONES TO KEEP RATS FROM CLIMBING UP THEM.



5. TYPICAL OF THE BÉARN DISTRICT ADJOINING THE BASQUE COUNTRY: A COMPOSITE MODEL OF HOUSES AT SALES-DE-BÉARN, PARTLY SUPPORTED ON PILES IN A STREAM.



6. A COMPLETE ARAGONESE VILLAGE IN MODEL FORM, COMPRISING 21 HOUSES (OF TYPES CHOSEN FROM VARIOUS VILLAGES), DOMINATED BY THE KEEP OF A RUINED CASTLE—A RIGHT VIEW SHOWING (RIGHT BACKGROUND) THE MODEL SEEN IN NO. 9.



7. THE ARCHITECT OF THE "MAN-HIGH" MODELS—BUILT ON A SCALE OF ONE-TENTH ACTUAL SIZE: MME. LE BONDIDIER AT WORK ON THE ARAGONESE VILLAGE (NO. 6), WITH NO. 9 ON RIGHT.

We illustrate here a very interesting enterprise in preserving old types of architecture, which tend to disappear, by "man-high" models durably built of the same strong materials as the originals and standing in the open air. This model village has been constructed on the terrace of the old castle at Lourdes for the Pyrenean Museum, established there in 1920 by the Touring Club of France, and since developed into one of the chief regional museums in the country. We abridge here part of a descriptive article by the curator of the Museum, L. de Bondidier. "The 'Pyrenean village' comprises seven

dwellings, or groups of dwellings, built on a reduced scale of one-tenth of the original. The first reproduction is that of a Spanish farm (No. 4) of the Leon country (for the scheme covers both sides of the Pyrenees). This farm has the characteristic semi-circular form, and in the middle of its courtyard stands a granary raised on four round pillars, each having a large projecting stone to prevent rats from climbing up. . . . The Basque farmstead (No. 1) is a type too well known to need a long description. After the building of Arnaga by Rostand, public taste vulgarised this kind of house, which may be seen,

## PRESERVED BY MAN-HIGH MODELS: A PYRENEAN VILLAGE "IN LITTLE".



8. LILLIPUTIAN ARCHITECTURE AS AN OPEN-AIR FOLK-LORE MUSEUM: THE MODEL PYRENEAN VILLAGE, BUILT OF STONE, BRICK, WOOD, AND TILES, ON THE OLD CASTLE TERRACE AT LOURDES—SHOWING (L. TO R.) THE LION FARM (NO. 4), BASQUE HOUSE (NO. 1), BÉARN HOUSE (NO. 5), FORTIFIED CHURCH OF LUZ (NO. 10), AND THE ARAGONESE VILLAGE WITH ITS CASTLE KEEP IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND (NO. 6).



9. DETAIL OF THE ARAGONESE VILLAGE (SHOWN COMPLETE IN PHOTOGRAPH NOS. 6 AND 8): A MODEL HOUSE SEEN ALSO SEPARATELY ON THE RIGHT IN NO. 7.



10. A MODEL OF THE FORTIFIED CHURCH OF THE TEMPLARS AT LUZ (SEEN ALSO IN THE CENTRE OF PHOTOGRAPH NO. 8): A VIEW BY NIGHT, SHOWING THE MACHICULATED TOWER (LEFT) WITH THE CRENELLATED AND LOOP-HOLED ENCLOSING WALL, AND THE SPECIALLY MADE MODEL BELLS

in more or less fantastic forms, all over France. . . . The Béarnese type of house (No. 5) was found at Sales-de-Béarn. Here two houses are combined, but the model is correct, even to the piles supporting it in a stream. . . . While the Basque and Béarnese models represent houses on the plains, that of Bigorre (No. 2) is a mountain dwelling. . . . As a typical village church was chosen that known as the Templars' Church at Luz (No. 10), a building semi-religious and semi-military, originally designed for protection against forays. It is enclosed within a crenellated and loop-holed wall, and the

unique gateway is surmounted by a machicolated tower. . . . In the Haut Aragon, material was so abundant that it became necessary to make a model, not of a single house, but of a complete village (No. 6—detail also in Nos. 3, 7, and 9). The general form is that of the village of Alquezar, but details were taken also from the monastery of Sigüenza, the hospice of Barvastró, and the villages of Ayerbe, Venasque, and Sort. The prison at Sort has a peculiar outside cage (No. 3) for giving prisoners fresh air. The models were made by workmen of the Museum, under the direction of Mme. Le Bondidier."



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### SCIENCE THAT IS NOT SCIENCE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I CAME across a newspaper article the other day which caused me no little irritation. What perturbed me was not so much the incorrectness of this sorry stuff as the evident and complacent assumptions which were tricked out to look like matters of fact, contradicting, in some cases, the supposed results of scientific enquiry by expert anatomists. We were solemnly assured, for example, that "scientists" believe that no bird has any sense of smell! I happen to know a good many "scientists," but I have never met one who "believed" anything so absurd. And I happen, myself, to have done no inconsiderable amount of dissection of birds of all kinds, from wrens to ostriches. I am able, therefore, to speak with first-hand knowledge of this subject; though it had been an established fact that birds had a sense of smell long before I began to work in this field.

It almost looks as if the author of the article in question had only a second-hand knowledge of the facts concerning the powers of scent in birds. This theme of the sense of smell, wherever it occurs, is one of more than ordinary interest; yet I venture to believe that only a few, other than medical men and comparative anatomists, really know how scents, agreeable or otherwise, are perceived.

It would be impossible to explain this matter here in detail, inasmuch as the attempt to do so would make the introduction of a mass of anatomical details unavoidable. And these would be out of place here. To put the matter briefly, when we say that we smell through the nose, and breathe through the nose, we are expressing but a common, every-day experience. But I have a suspicion that few people realise that

The air in this olfactory area of the chamber is still, while that which is taken in at the nostrils for breathing forms a ceaseless stream which is passed over a mucous membrane covering certain bony, scroll-like plates known as "turbinals," and carried backwards along a special tunnel, the floor of which is formed by the bones of the palate. The air passed over and through these turbinals is warmed, before

odours such as hydrocyanic acid, mignonette, violet, vanilla, and benzoïn.

Who amongst us could put his nose to the ground and trace the steps of a fugitive from justice, like the bloodhound? Yet even the human sense of smell, at its best, can accomplish much; since it was calculated by Valentin that even  $\frac{3}{100,000,000}$ ths of a grain of musk can be distinctly perceived. The

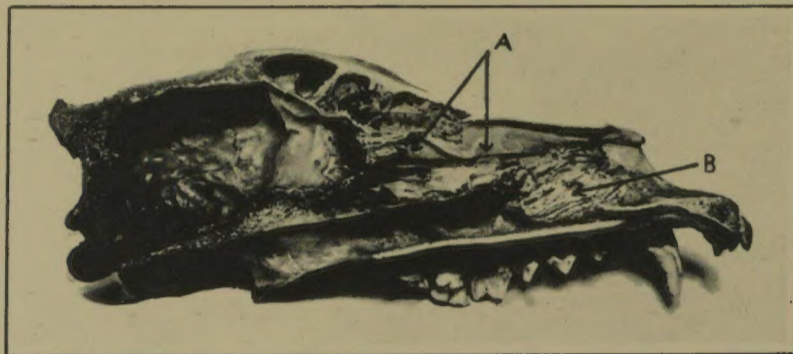
only animals which have no sense of smell are the toothed whales, porpoises and dolphins, and their like. For they have no olfactory lobes to the brain and no olfactory nerves. But in the baleen or whalebone whales, wherein the lobes are present, though feebly developed, some slight olfactory sensations may be possible.

And now, as touching the sense of smell in birds. We are told, in the course of that strangely composed medley of fact and fiction—and precious little fact—to which I have already referred, that "scientists" commonly hold that birds have no sense of smell. There is not the slightest justification for that statement. But there can be no doubt that the olfactory apparatus in these creatures is only feebly developed, save, perhaps, in the apteryx, or kiwi of New Zealand, wherein, alone among birds, the nostrils are placed at the extreme end of the long beak and the

turbinal bones are conspicuously complicated.

In the article to which I am referring, however, a sense of smell was postulated, so delicate as to endow migratory birds with the ability to appreciate scents borne from lands thousands of miles distant! And this, apparently, on inferences drawn from the tumid swelling, or "cere," at the base of the beak, and of the thickened opercular membrane covering the nostril in the carrier-pigeon! These structures have nothing whatever to do with olfactory functions; and the great migrants, like the swallows and the warblers and the wading-birds, display no such modifications of the nostrils. In the cormorants, gannets, and pelicans, the nostrils have disappeared entirely. Hence, these birds are, possibly, devoid of a sense of smell. Moreover, since they are practically tongueless, they have probably but the feeblest powers of taste. But that is another story.

Crude experiments made with oil of bergamot to test the range of the olfactory sense in birds, yielded, as might have been expected, but very unsatisfactory results. Experiments of this kind are, to say the least, unintelligent. That there is need for carefully thought-out experiments to settle this matter of the acuity of the olfactory sense in birds, there can be no question. Crude guesswork and wild assumptions are only agents for poisoning the wells of thought: they obscure the very issues they affect to clarify.



1. THE SENSE OF SMELL IN ONE OF THE LOWER ANIMALS: THE SKULL OF A BLOODHOUND SEEN IN SECTION; SHOWING THE, COMPARATIVELY SPEAKING, VERY LARGE OLFACTORY CAVITY (A).

When the air passing through the respiratory portion is "sniffed" up, scent particles are carried up into the cavity. The respiratory air is drawn through a sieve-like arrangement of bone of great complexity; and hereby foreign matter, drawn into the nose by "sniffing," is strained off. The turbinal bones are seen at B.

passing to the lungs, by numerous blood-vessels also lodged in this mucous membrane. And this is furthermore noteworthy for the fact that it is covered with millions upon millions of minute, thread-like, waving outgrowths known as "cilia." The function of these is to arrest and drive out of the chamber particles that would be injurious if drawn into the lungs.

In animals which hunt by scent, sniffing close to the ground, these scrolls are conspicuously complicated, thereby increasing their sifting power. This is shown in the section of the skull of a bloodhound (Fig. 1), where the tunnel leading to the throat conveying air to the lungs, it will be noticed, lies immediately behind these sieve-like plates. If the bloodhound simply breathed, he would be unable to pick up the scent he was after. To get the odoriferous qualities of the air taken in, he must be continually "sniffing," for only in this way can the air to be analysed, or its scent be brought from the moving stream within the range of the olfactory nerves at the roof of the chamber; which, be it noted, is relatively much larger in the bloodhound than in man. Hence the surprising powers of scent these animals possess.

The same arrangement, but in a much simpler form, is found in the human skull (Fig. 2). We also must "sniff" if we wish to get the scent of flowers in the garden. This fact is easily demonstrated. Squeeze the nostrils tightly between the fingers, then try to inhale the scent. We shall fail. But, with the mouth closed or open, we shall succeed directly we begin to "sniff," for the perfumed air is then drawn up into the

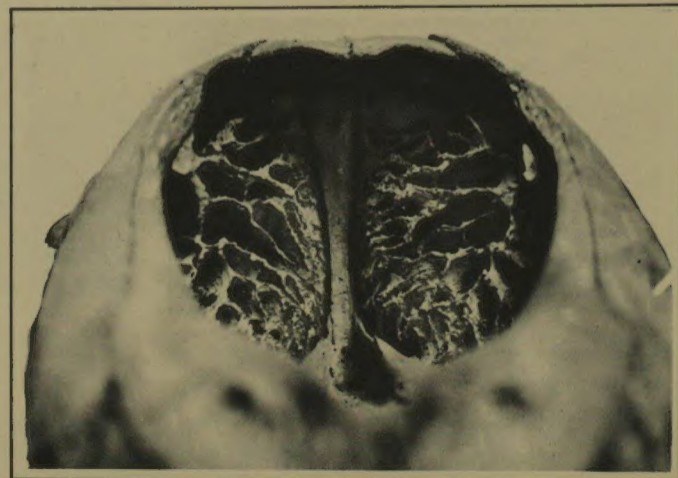
range of the olfactory nerves. But, though we all have the same form of olfactory apparatus, we by no means show the same powers of discriminating scents. Some people have an excessively delicate sense of smell. In regard to some substances, all persons of normal powers of smell react the same. Thus, if nitrobenzol is held under the nose, it yields first the smell of heliotrope, next of bitter almonds, and finally the smell of benzine. The explanation of this, it would seem, has yet to be discovered. It may be due to the fact that different "end organs" of the olfactory nerves are successively fatigued. Some persons are incapable of perceiving certain



2. THE SENSE OF SMELL IN HUMAN BEINGS: A SECTION OF A HUMAN SKULL; SHOWING THE COMPARATIVELY GREAT SIZE OF THE RESPIRATORY CHAMBERS (A); WITH THE SMALLER OLFACTORY CHAMBER (B) ABOVE THEM.

The passage of air to and fro, caused by breathing, only affects the lower and middle regions of the nasal chamber; the air in the olfactory chamber, above, remains still. In breathing, the air is carried down a long passage above the roof of the mouth. It is warmed on its way and robbed of impurities by passing over a mucous membrane richly supplied with blood-vessels. At C are seen the turbinal bones mentioned in the article on this page.

the nose is but the annexe to a great chamber within the face, extending as far back as the throat and as high as the bridge of the nose. It is not, however, just a big cavity, but is divided up by a central partition and lateral scrolls of bone into most important alleyways. And the bony walls of these alleyways are covered with what is known as "mucous membrane," from their always moist, smooth surfaces. Only the upper region of this chamber is endowed with the sense of smell, and this because its mucous membrane is of a quite different kind from the rest, and is beset with excessively delicate thread-like nerves which pass through a perforated or sieve-like plate—the cribriform plate—into a pair of special lobes in the fore-part of the floor of the brain. These are the "olfactory lobes."

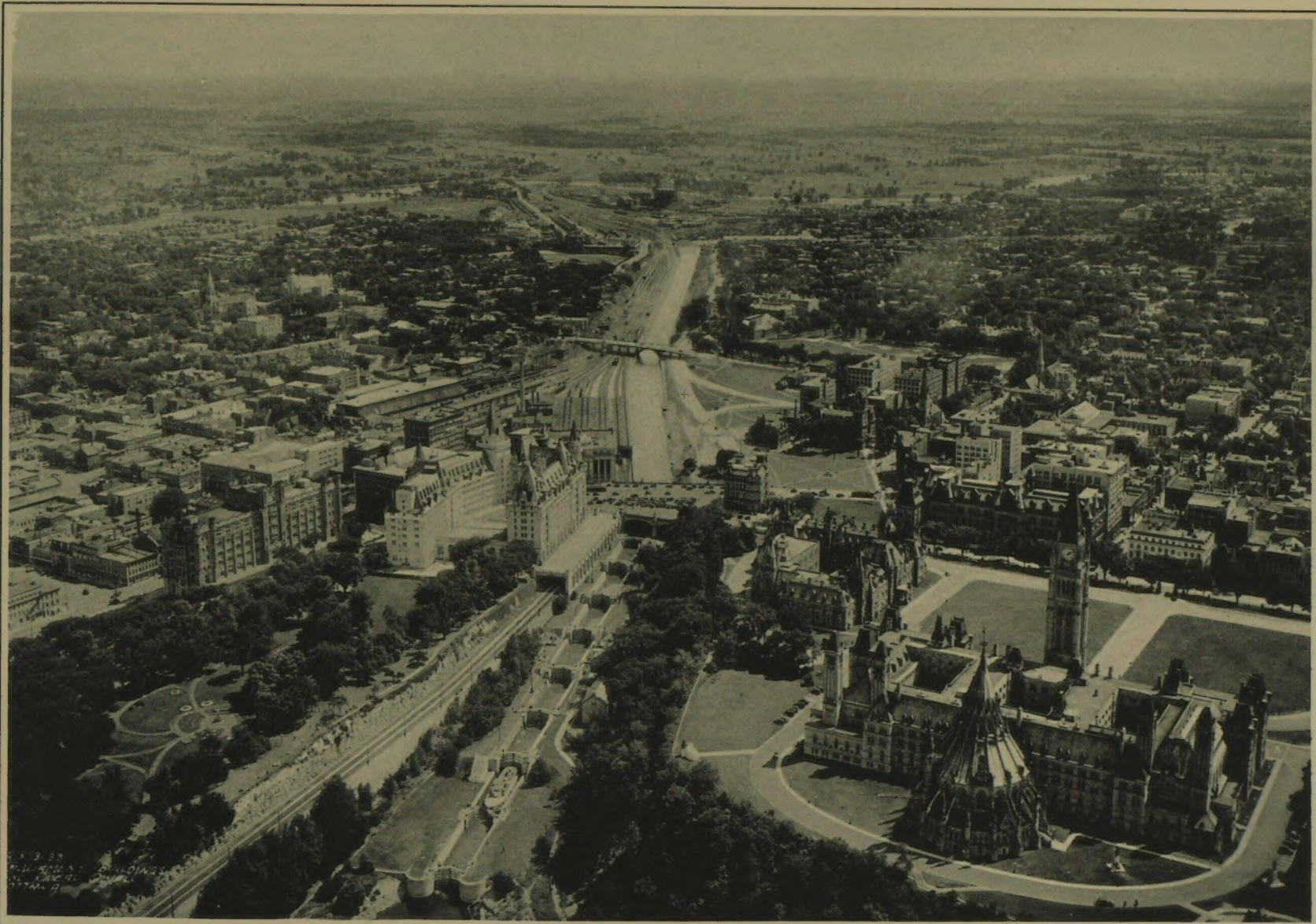


3. THE SENSE OF SMELL IN A SEA-DWELLER: THE BONY ENTRANCE TO THE NASAL CAVITY OF A LEOPARD-SEAL.

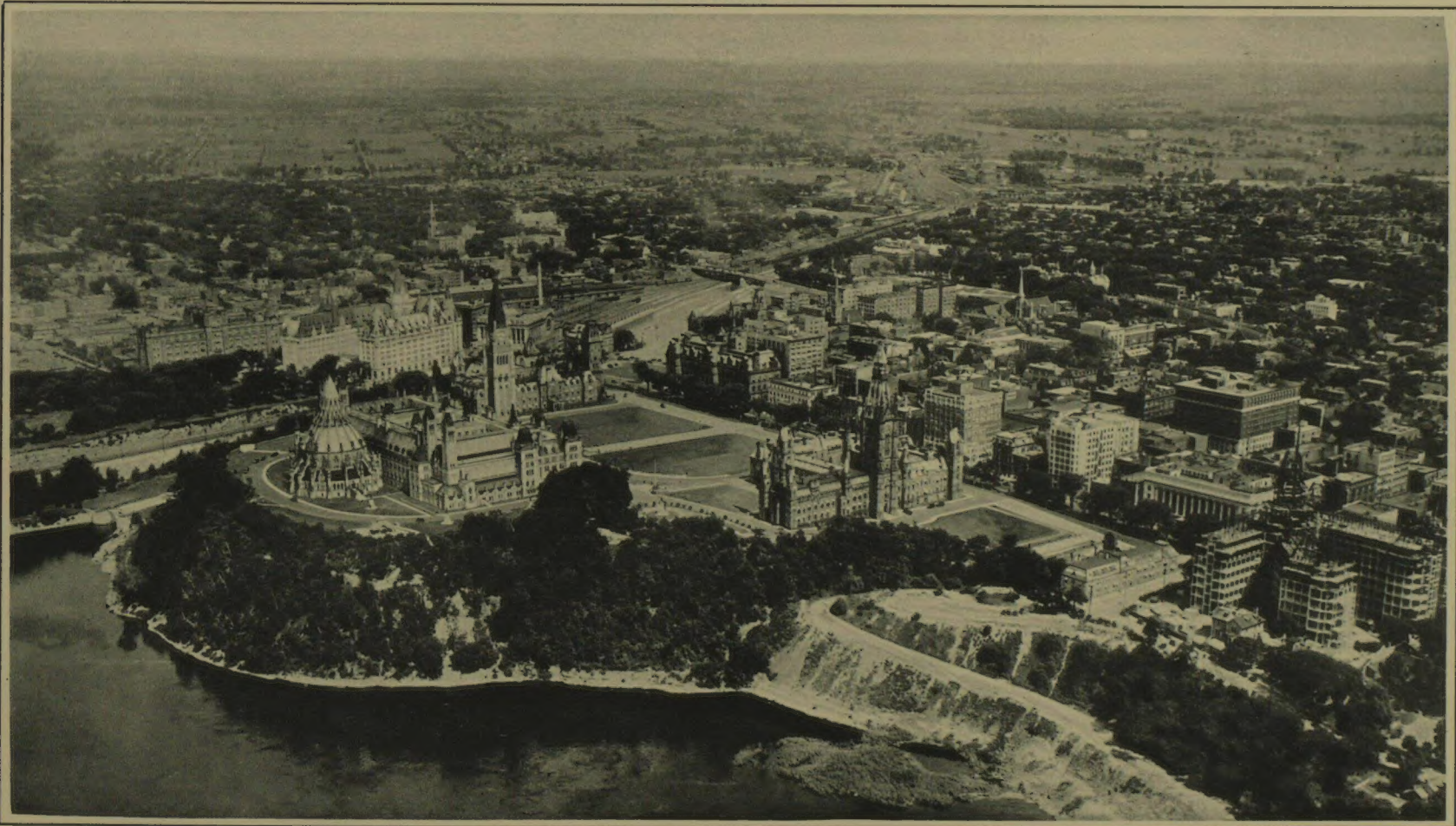
The turbinal bones here completely fill up the entrance to the nasal cavity. Their function, in this case, is largely to warm the cold Antarctic air before it passes into the lungs. It is interesting to note in this connection that elephants have no turbinal bones—the long trunk serving to temper the air.

# THE CITY OF THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE: OTTAWA FROM THE AIR.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE, DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE, OTTAWA. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



THE CAPITAL OF CANADA, WHERE THE IMPERIAL ECONOMIC CONFERENCE IS TO OPEN ON JULY 21: OTTAWA AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE—SHOWING THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS (RIGHT FOREGROUND) IN WHICH THE MEETINGS WILL BE HELD, AND CHÂTEAU LAURIER (LEFT) JUST ACROSS THE RIDEAU CANAL, DIVIDING UPPER TOWN FROM LOWER TOWN.



THE MAGNIFICENT POSITION OF THE CANADIAN HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, ON A PROMONTORY OVERLOOKING THE OTTAWA RIVER: ANOTHER AIR VIEW, SHOWING CHÂTEAU LAURIER JUST TO LEFT OF THE PARLIAMENT TOWER, AND (RIGHT FOREGROUND) THE NEW CONFEDERATION BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

The Imperial Economic Conference, from which great things are expected for the benefit of the Empire and of world trade, is to open at Ottawa on July 21, when the Governor-General of Canada (Lord Bessborough) will deliver an address of welcome and read a message from the King. That night the Canadian Government will give a dinner at Château Laurier. Next morning the chief delegates will outline their policies, and on the 25th the Conference will settle down to its task. Private working rooms in the Houses of Parliament have

been allotted to delegates, Mr. Baldwin having a suite belonging to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and Mr. Thomas that of the Speaker of the Senate. Ottawa is admirably suited for Conference purposes, since all the delegations can be housed under one roof in the huge hotel close by. The city was chosen by Queen Victoria as capital of Canada in 1858. The Parliament Buildings were burnt down in 1916, and have since been rebuilt. In the tower is a beautiful War Memorial chamber.

## THE SOUTHERN ARABIAN'S TASTE FOR DRIED SHARK-FIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERR HANS HEILFRITZ



WISHING THE LINE RAPIDLY ROUND HIS HEAD WHILE HAULING IT IN: A FISHERMAN OF THE HADRAMAUT.



THE "SARDINE" FISHERY OF SOUTHERN ARABIA: A HADRAMAUT NATIVE COLLECTING A PILE OF SUN-DRIED AND DECOMPOSING FISH IN A BAG FOR USE ON CARAVAN EXPEDITIONS.



BRINGING HOME HIS COLLECTION OF "HIGH" SARDINES: A HADRAMAUT NATIVE WITH HIS BAG OF FISH.



THATCH AS A BUILDING MATERIAL FOR COMPLETE HOUSES AND WALLS: DWELLINGS OF PLAITED STRAW INHABITED BY RED SEA FISHERMEN ON THE YEMEN COAST.



A CUSTOMER FROM INLAND: A BEDUIN WHO HAS BOUGHT SOME OF THE "SARDINES" SCATTERED ON THE SAND TO DRY.



WITH STRINGS OF LARGER FISH HUNG FROM A "YOK" CARRIED ON HIS SHOULDERS: A TYPICAL HADRAMAUT FISHERMAN TAKING HOME HIS CATCH.



A GIANT OF THE INDIAN OCEAN WHOSE FINS ARE REGARDED AS A DELICACY: A BIG SHARK, CAUGHT WITH ITS DECORATED STERN, DRAWN UP ON THE BEACH AMONG SMALLER CRAFT.

Our issue of April 2 contained some interesting photographs by Herr Hans Heilfritz, the German explorer, showing the wonderful Arab architecture of the Hadramaut. Here he illustrates the strange methods and dwellings of the fishermen in the same little-known region of Southern Arabia. In his descriptive article he writes: "The Indian Ocean teems with fish, large and small, and of curious shape. Every kind is eaten by the Arabs, even the dreaded shark, which swarms in these waters. It is considered a delicacy

by the Beduin, and is eaten fresh. Most important, however, are the fins. They are dried as hard as stones in the sun, which causes slight decomposition. The Beduins who come from the interior, and trade in the towns, buy these specially prepared and smelly fins and live on them for months, along with rice, during caravan expeditions, while the stay-at-home Beduins lay up stores of it and eat shark morning and evening if they do not slaughter a sheep. I too had to accustom myself to this 'delicacy' when travelling in the

## AND "HIGH" SARDINES: FISHERIES OF THE HADRAMAUT.

SUPPLIED BY ANAPOLIA, BERLIN



MILLIONS OF SMALL SARDINE-LIKE FISH SPREAD ON THE SAND TO DRY AND DECOMPOSE IN THE SUN: A TYPICAL SCENE OF THE HADRAMAUT FISHING INDUSTRY, WHICH PRODUCES AN EVIL-SMELLING COMPOUND MUCH IN FAVOUR, BOTH FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION AND FOR FEEDING CAMELS, IN SOUTHERN ARABIA.



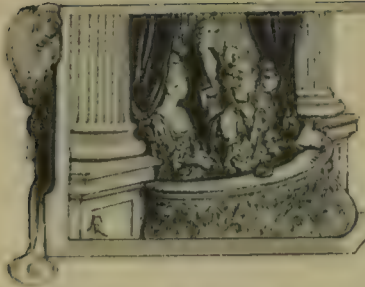
ANOTHER PROCESS IN THE "SARDINE" INDUSTRY: ONE OF THE PILES INTO WHICH THE FISH ARE COLLECTED ON THE BEACH AFTER REACHING THE CORRECT STAGE OF DECOMPOSITION.



CHEAP CATERING FOR "THE SHIP OF THE DESERT": A NATIVE OF THE HADRAMAUT, IN SOUTHERN ARABIA, FEEDING CAMELS FROM A BAGFUL OF DRY AND "HIGH" FISH SIMILAR TO SARDINES.

Hadramaut, much as I disliked it, but it would have been considered most offensive to refuse food from a Beduin. Sharks' fins, however, are a real delicacy compared with a kind of sardine which the Arabs catch in great quantities and prepare also for inland travel. The fish are spread out on the flat beach, and are soon in a state of decomposition. These small, rotten, evil-smelling fish are eaten raw, not only by Beduins, but by Arabs of high standing, and they are so cheap that camels are fed on them. For transport

the sardines are compressed and sewn up in straw mats. I don't advise anyone to travel in a caravan which carries them! The smaller fish are caught in nets, which are dragged by two boats; shark and ray are taken with a hook. Every child that can crawl can cast a line. The bigger ones throw a very long line far out into the sea, and when hauling it in they wind it round their heads with lightning speed. Especially at high tide, everybody—children and grown-ups alike—fishes for amusement."



# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



## A RUSSIAN SOUND-FILM.

CONTINUING its policy of interesting foreign films, the management of the Cambridge is presenting that already famous Russian talking picture, "The Road to Life." The work of Mr. Nicolai Ekk, it is one of a group of sound-films made during the past year in Russia, and



"THE ROAD TO LIFE," AT THE CAMBRIDGE THEATRE: YOUTHFUL RUSSIAN. NE'ER-DO-WHEELS AND STREET ARABS, ROUNDED UP BY THE POLICE, LAUGH AT THE IDEA OF RETURNING TO A CIVILISED EXISTENCE.

"The Road to Life" is described in an article on this page. It is a Russian talking picture, the work of Mr. Nicolai Ekk; and it has for its theme the work of a Russian "Children's Collective"—a sort of Soviet equivalent of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. After the Russian Revolution and Civil Wars thousands of boys were left homeless and destitute. Many turned to crime and became gangsters and auxiliaries of master crooks. A Soviet instructor is given a free hand to deal with the young criminals rounded up by the police. He puts them "on trust," and they respond, at first with the suspicion of hunted animals, then with amusement, and eventually with dawning pride. Their gradual transformation into skilled artisans and useful members of society is worked out intellectually and with considerable art.

ranks as the most important of these productions. But, interesting as it undoubtedly is as an example of the Russian approach to the technique of sound, its value reaches far beyond the merely experimental. Mr. Ekk's direction possesses a power, a ruthless simplicity of statement combined with a pictorial vision, from which there is no escape. He has something to say, and he forces you to listen. Whether in the end you are convinced by the propagandist aspect of the picture is neither here nor there. As a glowing tribute to the humanitarian work of the Soviet, it may leave you doubting. As a dramatic document dealing with a social problem, it certainly cannot leave you cold; and finally, considered solely from the point of view of screen art, it cannot be overlooked.

The picture establishes its theme swiftly and clearly. After the Russian Revolution scores of boys were left homeless and destitute. They lived by their wits. Youthful gangsters and formidable allies of master-crooks, they roamed the cities pilfering and robbing, even with violence. In an effort to deal drastically with a growing menace, the police invade the bolt-holes of these lawless youngsters, the cellars, the archways, and round up, after an indescribable scrimmage in the chequered gloom, a pitiful swarm of ragged humanity. Threats of prison cannot shake their insolence. The problem seems insoluble until a Soviet instructor is given a free hand. He gathers them together in a community called the Children's Collective. He puts them "on trust," and they respond, at first with the suspicion of hunted animals, then with amusement, eventually with a dawning pride. They are gradually trained into skilled artisans, not without setbacks, outbreaks of hysteria, temptation from the underworld, where the absence of their agile services is acutely felt, and tragedy. For the crowning achievement of the Collective is the building of a railway to the nearest town, in order to bring in supplies for the workshop. To Mustapha, throughout a leader and a tough little nut with shrewd slit eyes in a Mongolian face, falls the honour of driving the first train. He sets out on a hand-worked truck, swinging along with a song on his lips and the wind in his hair, happy and jolly. But, in mid-journey, disaster awaits him. The boss of his old gang, frustrated in his plans, has wrecked the line, and stabs the boy to death. When the train at last steams in to the brand-new platform, where a crowd awaits it, flags flying, bands playing, the engine carries on its foot-plate the body of Mustapha, a humble soldier fallen in the hour of victory.

Structurally, the picture is a pillar of strength. In the successive stages in the capture and the taming of the

juvenile outlaws the dramatic tension is never allowed to weaken; nor does argument of the theme detract in any way from its emotional content. The vigorous humanity of the instructor, a dominating character finely interpreted, confronted by the sly, slow, deliberate "sizing up" of the boys, whose next move, springing from pathetically distorted mentalities, creates a situation holding always an engrossing element of uncertainty. Nor can the successful adventure of the Collective be denied its beauty.

I am not claiming perfection for this picture. The copy shown at the Cambridge is redundant in superimposed English titles, not all of them felicitously worded, and many of them unnecessary, considering the clarity of the direction. Herein, of course, Mr. Ekk is not to blame; but in his use of sound, excepting in the rhythmic beat of an occasional unseen chorus, he achieves no great effects. Nor have I ever been a friend of the Russian method of continuous and generally repulsive "close-ups," emphasising types which seem to me definite enough without being hammered home. But the passionate urge of the treatment, the amazingly natural acting of every member of a splendidly chosen company, the possibilities of subject-matter suggested by this film, and its courage in sticking to the point place "The Road to Life" definitely amongst the memorable contributions to the art of the screen as a work of unusual interest.



THE REDEMPTION OF BOYS FROM A LIFE OF CRIME AND VICE, DRAMATISED IN A RUSSIAN TALKING FILM: A TENSE SCENE FROM "THE ROAD TO LIFE," WITH A TRIVIAL, YET SYMBOLICAL, FOCUS.

## AN EDUCATIONAL "THRILLER."

It has so often been my lot to sit through an ill-assorted programme of would-be humorous "shorts," with, possibly, one of the lesser achievements of the cartoonists who find their inspiration in Walt Disney's inimitable Mickey Mouse, in an obstinate endeavour to see the "feature picture," that the refreshing nature of the bill of fare at the Cambridge, and more especially one item, entitled "Steel," has given a fillip to my kinematic enthusiasm which I am prompted to put on record. Moreover, it sent me on an easy voyage of discovery. This picture "Steel," of which more anon, is one of a series of Ufatone educational and interesting productions, designed to cover the whole field of science, bird, fish, and animal life. At least one of them is included each week in the programmes at the Academy and the Cambridge. They are to be found, too, at the little Tatler, which keeps its banner flying in the Charing Cross Road. For all I know you may be lucky enough to come across them

at other kinemas, where a discriminating management compiles the programmes. If only they were considered sufficiently important—as indeed they are—to be included in the kinema column of the daily papers we should know where to seek them, and could time our visits to "the pictures" to include these little masterpieces.

I recall "The Mystery Ship," dealing with a crewless vessel controlled by wireless telegraphy, and "The Wonder-World of the Pond," a lovely glimpse of an aquatic fairyland. The Tatler has shown "Feathered Prey" and a very beautiful excursion into the "Invisible Clouds." As a prelude to "The Road to Life," at the Cambridge, shy herons and heraldic ibises revealed the secrets of their hidden nests amongst the reeds to a patient photographer and the suave strength of their spread pinions to the slow-motion camera. Then, after a little delightful fooling with our good friend Mickey and his short-skirted sweetheart, came an adventure. "Steel," directed by Dr. Ulrich Schultz, sets a new standard in the treatment of an educational subject. For I suppose the career of the metal, from its mixing, through the furnaces, and finally, rolled, pressed, and polished, to the finished article, should be classed as educational. In the hands of Dr. Schultz the whole process takes on the complexion of a pictorial "thriller," only to be watched in breathless excitement. To begin with, the dry commentary, full of technical detail which fails to impress itself on the lay mind, is superseded by single words imposed on the picture as the metal embarks on a fresh phase of its manipulation. Thus the decks are cleared for an admirable orchestral accompaniment echoing the clamour of the machinery, gathering pace in a crescendo of sound, until at last, triumphantly, serenely, it carries on its "wings of melody" the great ships, the soaring girders, the far-flung bridges for which the furnaces have flamed, the machinery has ground and thumped, the liquid mass of steel has writhed and hardened into shape. And what pictorial splendours have been discovered

by Dr. Schultz's cunning camera-angles! Black figures in an inferno of sparks and steam; great rollers milling, constricting, ejecting, and recalling the long, gleaming serpent of steel. At times the screen is invaded by a seething lake, framed in what appears to be the crumbling, mossy arch of a Cornish cave. We are but looking into the mouth of a great vessel, corroded by the white-hot metal and tilting gradually back into its actual shape. The picture may not leave us with a smattering of technical terms, but it does create an impression of labour, of mechanical power, of a gigantic industry, and a realisation of the inventive skill which has gone to the fashioning of the smooth, polished metal in its many forms. Moreover, the brief film has provided a thrill far greater, if less gruesome, than any "Frankenstein." Finally, it has done its educational job in quickening adult imagination and stirring up the interest of the beholder in a way that no amount of explanatory comment could have done. "Steel" is a fine example of an "instructional picture" handled by a master of screen-technique.



"THE ROAD TO LIFE": MUSTAPHA, THE MOST INCORRIGIBLE OF THE YOUNG CRIMINALS, AGREES TO TRY THE EXPERIMENT—OF WORKING!

# ANCIENT NUBIAN ART SAVED FROM SUBMERGENCE: FURTHER DISCOVERIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE EGYPTIAN SERVICE OF ANTIQUITIES, WITH DESCRIPTION (ABRIDGED) BY MR. WALTER B. EMERY, DIRECTOR OF THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT ARCHÆOLOGICAL SURVEY OF NUBIA

As our readers will recall, remarkable discoveries have been made in Nubia by an Egyptian Government Archæological Expedition under Mr. Walter B. Emery. A general account of the results, with four pages of illustrations, appeared in our issue of June 11. We have since received an official description of the third season's work written by Mr. Emery himself, together with the new photographs here reproduced. This record naturally covers much of the same ground as our previous article; but, for the benefit of readers coming fresh to the subject, it may be well to recapitulate. "In view of the further raising of the Aswan Dam," writes Mr. Emery, "and the consequent submergence of the land between Wadi es Sebua and Wadi Halfa, the Egyptian Government instructed the Service of Antiquities to explore all ancient sites in the threatened area." Mr. Emery then describes the excavation of large earthen tumuli on the desert edge on both sides of the Nile (near the Great Temple of Abu Simbel), known as

(Continued opposite.



ANCIENT NUBIAN HARNESS: DECORATIVE TRAPPINGS FOUND IN A TOMB, AND SINCE MOUNTED ON A LIFE-SIZE MODEL OF A HORSE'S HEAD.

The head-stall is of silver chain-work, decorated with lion-heads set with semi-precious stones. The bit is silver, and the reins a silver chain. The horse collar is of red leather (restored), mounted with silver medallions set with semi-precious stones.

the Mounds of Goha on the east bank, and those of Krobere on the west. The Goha Mounds were opened first, and the tombs found within yielded the rich treasures illustrated in our previous issue, including silver horse-harness, an embossed bull-hide shield, finely decorated vessels of silver and bronze, a bronze figure of Apollo as a lamp-holder, a treasure-chest inlaid with ivory, and an ivory-inlaid gaming-board. The entrances to the tombs contained the bones of slaves, horses, camels, donkeys, and hunting dogs, all sacrificed to accompany their master in the other world. The slaves had been strangled, and the animals killed with axes. Mr. Emery now carries the story a stage further, and we abridge the remainder of his article: "After having cleared the tombs which stood in immediate danger from the new water-level, we

(Continued in centre.

crossed the river and commenced excavations on the west bank. It is probable that the tomb (excavated) is intact. This may apply to all the tombs in this area, for the character of the ground would render the cutting of tunnels by plunderers very difficult, if not impossible. The two rooms (cleared) yielded interesting and valuable antiquities. One room was stacked high with pottery, amongst which lay dishes, bowls, cups, and spoons of bronze and silver. In the second room were more bronze and silver vessels, with a set of beautiful bronze standing lamps of Byzantine design, and a gold necklace of Egyptian type and many other objects. The only materials that appear to have suffered from the moisture are wood and iron. On the east bank the anatomical material was found in very good preservation, and all human remains and examples of various animal bones were removed to Cairo for further examination. Unfortunately, the material on the west bank has suffered to a considerable extent from the water. The question now arises as to the identity of the builders of these great tombs. From the pottery we may definitely assign them to Reisner's X-Group people, and date them provisionally between the IVth and VIth centuries A.D. But still the problem remains as to who were these X-Group people. Tombs of this type, although very much poorer, were excavated by Oric Bates at Gammal, just south of Wadi Halfa, in his work for Harvard University. He also noted similar types of tombs at Firka, Sai Island, and Wawi. All these sites are south of the Second Cataract, except the tombs of Kostol, and although X-Group graves have been found as far north as Gûdhi, just south of Aswan, the tombs and town of Kostol and Ballana are certainly the northernmost sites of any importance belonging to these people. At this preliminary stage we can only be certain of the following facts. (A) They were a savage, warlike people with a borrowed

(Continued below on left.



A BRONZE STANDARD LAMP: ONE OF MANY WORKS OF ART FOUND IN NUBIAN TOMBS OF THE FOURTH TO SIXTH CENTURY A.D. (HEIGHT ABOUT 23 IN.)

surface culture. (B) Most of their personal possessions, such as pottery, weapons, and horse-trappings, show a distinct Egypto-African origin; while their less intimate property, such as furniture or metal vases, suggests Byzantine influence. (C) While Christianity was flourishing in the north, they continued to worship the old gods of Ancient Egypt. (D) They had, apparently, no written language, for, although we have some Meroitic characters on a spearhead and on one pot, no other inscribed material was found. This is important, for the particular area of

(Continued opposite.



SILVER EAR-RINGS SET WITH AMETHYST AND CORAL FOUND WITH OTHERS IN A LEATHER BAG BESIDE A SACRIFICED SLAVE GIRL.



EVIDENCE OF WORSHIP OF EGYPTIAN DEITIES BY THE NUBIAN TOMB-BUILDERS: A FIGURE OF THE GODDESS ISIS ON A SILVER SADDLE-POMMEL. (HEIGHT OF FIGURE ABOUT 4 1/2 IN.)



A NUBIAN REPRESENTATION OF AN EGYPTIAN DEITY: AN IRON KNIFE WITH AN IVORY HANDLE IN THE FORM OF THE GOD BES. (LENGTH ABOUT 10 IN.)

the tombs—i.e., the entrance—in which one would expect to find stelæ, was found intact, and no trace of an inscription was noted. (E) In warfare they favoured the use of leather armour, bull-hide shields, iron stabbing spears, javelins, axes, and the bow and arrow. As far as the historical evidence goes, we have only two races to deal with who occupied this area during the period the Blemmyes and the Nobadæ. It is perhaps idle to speculate, and no doubt the clearance of the town site and a comparison of the anatomical material will give us the evidence we now lack."

# THE FRENCH NAVY: A NEW AIRCRAFT-CARRIER; A SUBMARINE DISASTER.



THE FIRST AIRCRAFT-CARRYING CRUISER: THE 10,160 (METRIC)-TON WAR-SHIP "COMMANDANT TESTE," RECENTLY ADDED TO THE FRENCH NAVY, "THE FIRST OF HER CLASS IN ALL THE FLEETS OF THE WORLD," SHOWING A SEAPLANE LANDING ON THE SPECIAL RAMP AT THE STERN, TO BE HOISTED ABOARD BY A CRANE.

(Drawing by Albert Sebille.)



A SISTER-SHIP OF THE ILL-FATED FRENCH SUBMARINE "PROMÉTHÉE," A NEW VESSEL OF 1379 TONS, RECENTLY LOST, WITH SIXTY-TWO MEN, DURING SURFACE TRIALS OFF CHERBOURG: THE "HENRI POINCARÉ," OF THE SAME CLASS, HER GREAT SIZE INDICATED BY THE CREW ON DECK AND THE SEAPLANE IN THE AIR OVERHEAD.



PATCHES OF OIL FROM THE SUNKEN FRENCH SUBMARINE, "PROMÉTHÉE," ON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA WHERE SHE FOUNDERED: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.

THE COMMANDER OF THE "PROMÉTHÉE," A SURVIVOR: LT.-COM. GUESPIL DU MESNIL.

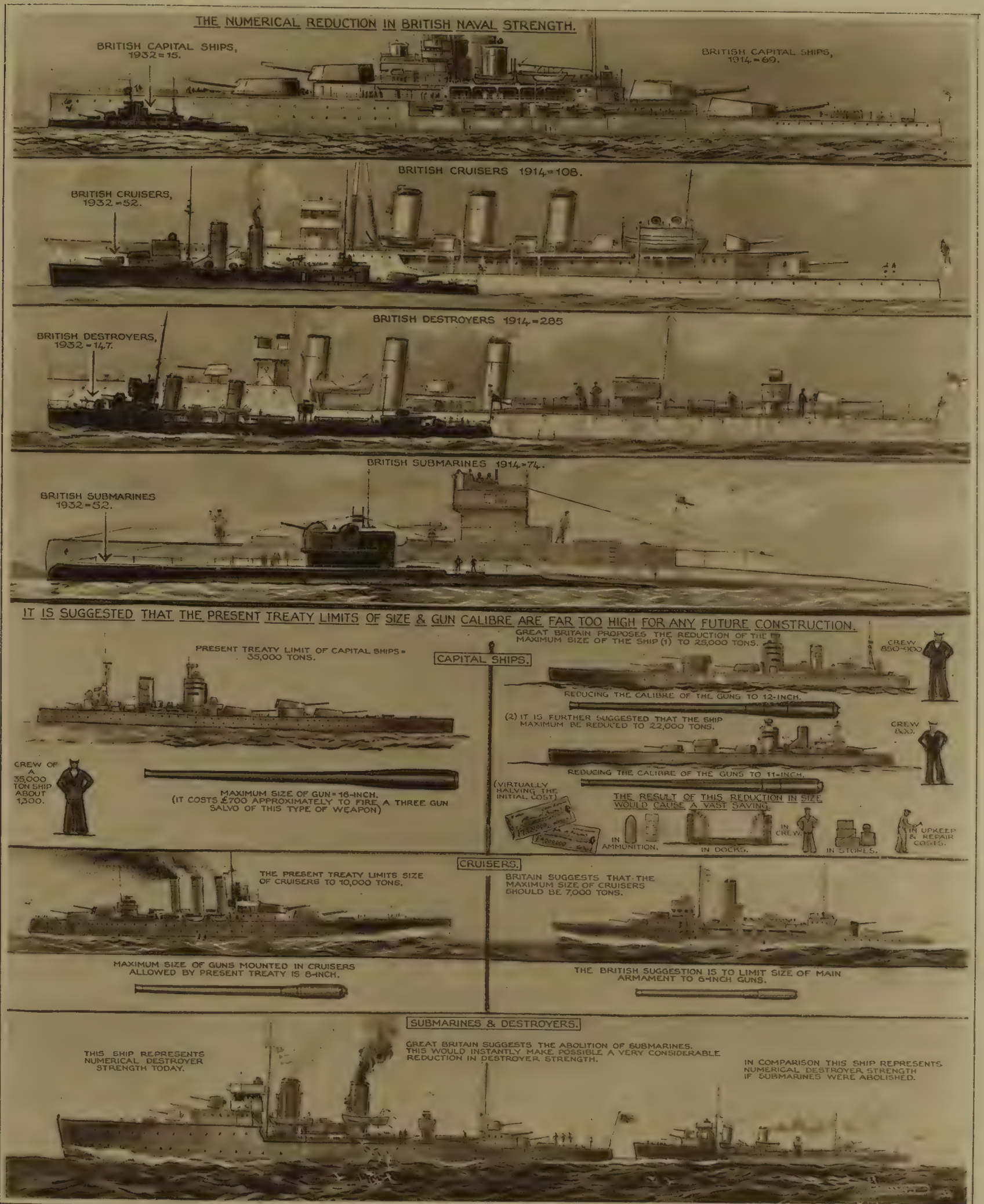
A DUOY MARKING THE SPOT WHERE THE "PROMÉTHÉE" SANK IN FORTY FATHOMS (OVER 240 FT.) AND HER OWN TELEPHONE BUOY WAS FOUND FLOATING: AN AIR VIEW.

"The new French aircraft-carrying cruiser 'Commandant Teste,' says a French writer, "is the first of her class in all the war fleets of the world, a fighting ship armed, besides guns, with an aerial force. She is the first *croiseur d'aviation*. A special feature is a 'landing ramp' at the stern, a kind of floating platform slightly inclined to the surface. The drawing shows a seaplane just landed on it and about to be hoisted aboard by a crane."—The disaster to the new French submarine "Prométhée," which foundered, on July 7, during trials off

Cherbourg, evoked deep sympathy in this country. An official statement gave the number of men on board as 69, and of these only 7 were saved, including the Commander, Lieut.-Commander Gouespil du Mesnil. The Italian salvage-ships "Artiglio" (of "Egypt" fame) and "Rostro" were rushed to the spot where the submarine had been located, and divers went down. Taps on the hull were not answered, and it was stated on the 10th that hope had been abandoned. No photograph of the "Prométhée" herself was obtainable.

# BRITAIN'S DISARMAMENT GESTURE: NEW NAVAL REDUCTIONS PROPOSED.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS



## SMALLER SHIPS ; LOWER GUN-CALIBRE : THE BRITISH PLAN, AND PREVIOUS NUMERICAL REDUCTIONS, SHOWN PICTORIALLY.

The widely scattered responsibilities of the British Navy make it impossible to cut the number of units beyond a certain point. Numerical reductions have already been applied on a large scale, and the upper portion of the illustration shows the relative size of our Fleet in the year before the war compared with that of to-day. The length of each class of 1932 ship correctly shows the proportionate reduction made in numerical strength. Despite this large numerical reduction, the British Government (as announced recently in Parliament by Mr. Baldwin) suggests that further considerable saving could be effected if the maritime Powers would agree to reduce the maximum size of future fighting ships. The size of capital ships is now fixed at 35,000 tons. If we continue to build ships of this enormous size, the initial cost, upkeep, personnel, ammunition and docks would have to be maintained at the highest level. While securing

no less reduction in the total tonnage, the Government suggests that future capital ships should be limited to 25,000 tons, or even as low as 22,000 tons (thus reducing capital ship tonnage by 195,000 tons), and that the main armament should be reduced from the present 16-inch guns to 12-inch, or even 11-inch guns. This reduction in the size of ship and armament would nearly halve the initial cost of the future capital ship. Our Government suggests that cruisers should be reduced from 10,000 tons to 7,000 tons, and the guns from 8-inch to 6-inch. The proposed total abolition of submarines would mean a great saving, as submarines are the most expensive type of war-ship to build. Further, this removal of submarines would mean reduction in the required number of destroyers, the submarine's natural enemies. Finally, the maximum tonnage of aircraft-carriers, it is suggested, should be reduced from 27,000 to 22,000 tons.

## QUO VADIS, GERMANIA?

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

*The distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.*

We continue here our series of occasional articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

GENEVA to-day is the pulse of the world. Nowhere else is it possible to meet so many people in a position to give information as to what is happening in all countries. Germans abound; they are the most questioned and the most willing to reply. There are many pessimists among them who predict nothing but disaster: restoration of the monarchy, a Fascist *coup d'état*, bankruptcy, Bolshevik revolution, civil war, universal war, and the end of the world. But there are also Germans who, without looking at the world through rose-coloured spectacles, may nevertheless be described as optimists, because, so far at least, they have not given up all hope of salvation for Germany and Europe.

During the past weeks I have seen a good many of these optimistic Germans, both of the Right and of the Left. As, on certain conclusions, their views seem to coincide, I shall sum up these common opinions, attributing them to the fictitious figure of an optimistic German. The optimistic German will here take the place of a certain number of his countrymen who developed these ideas before us; I say *us* because, in this case, I also represent a changing group of interlocutors who, at luncheons and dinners, bombarded the fictitious optimistic German with their questions and objections. The optimistic German smilingly shrugged his shoulders when we expressed our fears of a restoration of the monarchy.

"How powerful is prejudice!" he said. "If you knew Germany better, you would sleep more soundly. You would realise that the restoration of the monarchy is an impossibility. I'll give you the most important of the many reasons that render it an impossibility. They are two in number. The first is that the majority of the country is against it. What Germany wants is expressed by her parties. Let us examine these parties: what do we see? The Communist and Social Democratic parties are absolutely anti-monarchist. So is the Catholic party in almost its entirety. A large, probably the greater, part of the National Socialist party does not differ on that point from the Catholics, the Social Democrats, and the Communists. All these parties combined represent the majority of Germany.

"In Europe, Germany is still regarded as a feudal country, asking nothing better than to be ruled by the nobility and the Court. Illusion! It is true that in Germany the old warrior nobility still retains a certain social influence, long ago lost in France. But the masses—and that is what is too frequently forgotten—are far more to the Left in Germany than in France, because they are far more proletarian. There is more or less everywhere an idea that the National Socialist movement is a Conservative movement with nothing Socialist about it beyond the label. That is a complete mistake. That movement, also, is saturated with revolutionary, anti-capitalist, Bolshevik Socialism. Add to the Socialism of the Nazis the Social Democrats and the Communists; the result shows that the majority of the German people is Socialist, whereas

in France, Socialism has so far only gathered together one-fifth of the population. A strange audience indeed—all these millions of Socialists—to applaud the return upon the scene of the monarchy by divine right!

"In addition to these there are the difficulties that I shall term technical. That is the second reason. What would a monarchist restoration mean to Germany? The return of the Emperor? The German Emperor, the 'Deutsche Kaiser,' was only created in 1871; he is therefore a new and recent personage, without history, tradition, or prestige, who cannot represent anything very definite to the German imagination. An Emperor alone at the head of a unified Reich would be nothing more than a weaker President of the Republic, weaker because he would not even have the authority that the President derives to-day

Republican, as France is to-day. Was it not predicted, in the nineteenth century, that France also would remain monarchist in *eternum*?"

But if the chances of a monarchist restoration are so small, why has the President entrusted the government to a Ministry composed entirely of monarchists and men of the old régime? We did not fail to raise that objection to the optimistic German.

"In order to understand what is happening in Germany," he answered, "it is necessary to have an exact idea as to what National Socialism actually is. It began as a Conservative, Nationalist, old Prussian, Bismarckian movement, brought on by the humiliations endured by Germany after 1919 and as a reaction to the Social Democrats' accession to power. But, as I have already

told you, it soon turned into a revolutionary movement making a direct attack on modern society and demanding a general upheaval as essential to the salvation of the world. The unemployed workmen and the intellectual youth, without work, without hope, and without future, represent that revolutionary left wing of the party which is swelling every day, thanks also to the growing misery and confusion of the universe. As a revolutionary party the National Socialists are far more dangerous than the Social Democrats, and even than the Communists. The Social Democrats have become a governing party; and the Communists act under the directions of Moscow, which, at the present moment, is advising moderation. The Nazis, on the contrary, are unhampered in their movements and of ever-increasing ardour.

"Hitler is with the Conservative Right. But he has to keep up with the revolutionary wing of his party, which is continually on the increase. You saw him in the Presidential campaign. He had committed himself to support

the candidature of Marshal Hindenburg. What did they do, those leaders of the revolutionary extremists, anxious to compromise him and wear him out? They caused him to be proclaimed candidate to the Presidency on his own.

"Do not believe that the headway made by National Socialism disturbs the sleep of the Catholics and Social Democrats alone. General von Schleicher and the intelligent Conservatives—there are still some left—are no less concerned. If it continues to develop as it has done in the last two years, National Socialism will make any Government, Monarchist or Republican, impossible in Germany; it must end in war or revolution, perhaps in both war and revolution—in any case in chaos.

"A party or an institution that could stem the movement by moral action does not exist. To suppress it by force would mean letting loose civil war. What the President and his collaborators are trying to do is to draw from this incandescent nebula a Parliamentary party from the Right that could collaborate with the other Conservative parties in putting the Weimar Constitution into practice. Until now, the Republic has been governed almost exclusively by a coalition of Catholics and Democratic Socialists. That coalition alone is not adequate to the task, however adaptable it may be supposed to be; for the constitution to have the necessary pliability, and not to be found wanting in any situation, there must be a greater wealth of possible combinations, more parties, more groups. But they must be parties and groups capable of acting in a Parliament."

(Continued on page 108.)



THE "NAZI" MOVEMENT IN GERMANY, WHICH IS DISSATISFIED WITH THE LAUSANNE AGREEMENT: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF "COUNTLESS MASSES" SWEARING FIDELITY TO HITLER IN BERLIN.

This remarkable, and symbolical, photograph was taken in Berlin on July 9, when a mass meeting of Nazis was held in the Berchtesgarden. Practically, the meeting turned into an anti-Lausanne demonstration. Hitler is reported to have said on this occasion that the agreement imposing a payment of 3,000,000,000 marks (£150,000,000) on the German nation would not, at the end of six months, be worth more than three marks.

An interesting point about our photograph is the number of women who are to be seen raising their hands in salute.

from the universal suffrage. In order truly to restore the monarchy in Germany, it would be necessary to restore not only the royalty, but the royalties—that is to say, a whole dozen or so of dynasties. There has been a King of France; there has never been a King of Germany, but a King of Prussia, a King of Bavaria, a King of Saxony. . . . The restoration of a dozen dynasties would be impossible by reason of all the complications it would involve."

We reminded the optimistic German of the speech of that German Minister who publicly declared himself monarchist a few days after his nomination. The German replied without hesitation.

"There is no doubt that there are still a great many monarchists in Germany: those who knew the monarchy in the days of its glory, who served it before 1914. I have no difficulty in recognising the fact that there are still many ardent monarchists in Germany, whereas the mass of the Republicans is very lukewarm. But is there anything so very extraordinary about that, or anything that has not been seen before, over and over again? Was the majority of France carried away by an ardent Republicanism in 1795, or in 1850, or even in 1880? What renders a Republic imperative in Germany to-day, as it rendered it imperative in France after 1870, is a situation stronger than any individual wills. Hindenburg and von Papen are monarchists: but they, like Ebert, Bauer, or Severing, are working, and will continue to work, for the consolidation of the Republic. In fifty years' time Germany will be

## THE KING WITH THE HOME FLEET: H.M. YACHT AND A DISPLAY.



MANNING SHIP IN AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER AS THE ROYAL YACHT STEAMED DOWN THE LINES OF WAR-SHIPS: THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" IN WEYMOUTH BAY, WITH THE KING, VICE-ADMIRAL THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND LIEUTENANT THE PRINCE GEORGE ABOARD.



A REMARKABLE SPECTACLE IN HONOUR OF THE KING'S VISIT, AS SEEN FROM THE FRONT AT WEYMOUTH: SEARCHLIGHTS OF SHIPS OF THE HOME FLEET WEAVING PATTERNS IN THE SKY OVER THE BAY.

The King, accompanied by Vice-Admiral the Prince of Wales and Lieutenant the Prince George, arrived at Portsmouth on the morning of July 11, and there embarked on board the Royal Yacht, "Victoria and Albert," which then proceeded to Weymouth for his Majesty's review of the Home Fleet. As the Royal Yacht drew near the fighting ships, the bugles sounded the "Alert" as a prelude to the firing of the Royal Salute. His Majesty, wearing the undress uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, was on the upper bridge of his yacht. It was arranged

that the "Victoria and Albert" should lie in the midst of the Fleet during the night of the Monday and that on the following morning his Majesty should embark in an aircraft-carrier which would then put out to sea to carry out a programme of flying operations. The visit was timed to conclude on Thursday. It should be added, perhaps, that the King reached Portsmouth by special train, but that the Prince of Wales and his brother, Prince George, each in his own aeroplane, flew there and landed on the municipal airport.

# THE ENGLISH SCENE: HOME NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT HAILEYBURY FOR THE OPENING OF THE WAR MEMORIAL HALL AND UNVEILING OF A MEMORIAL TABLET: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CEREMONY, SHOWING THE GROUP ON THE DAIS, INCLUDING THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The Duke and Duchess of York visited Haileybury College on July 7 for the opening and dedication of the Memorial Hall. This has been erected in honour of 577 old boys who gave their lives in the Great War. About 3000 guests were present. The Duke and Duchess were received by the Lord Lieutenant of Hertfordshire, Lord Hampden. The Hall was dedicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Duke of York in his speech referred to the old East India

Company traditions of Haileybury. He also appealed for active workers in connection with the boys' camps and organisations engaged in work of that nature all over the country, in the spirit of unselfishness and service. Prayers were said by the Bishop of Lichfield; and the Duke of York then unveiled the Memorial tablet in the apse. The Duke asked the Master to give two or three days' holiday to the boys in commemoration of the occasion.



THE OCTOCENTENARY OF RIEVAULX ABBEY: PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS BEING CELEBRATED BEFORE 15,000 PILGRIMS.

The ancient Cistercian ruins at Rievaulx Abbey, in Yorkshire, were the scene, on July 10, of a Roman Catholic pilgrimage to celebrate the eight-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Abbey. Some 15,000 people were present. Pontifical High Mass was sung in the ruins, with their background of wooded slopes, by a choir of a hundred monks and boys from Ampleforth.



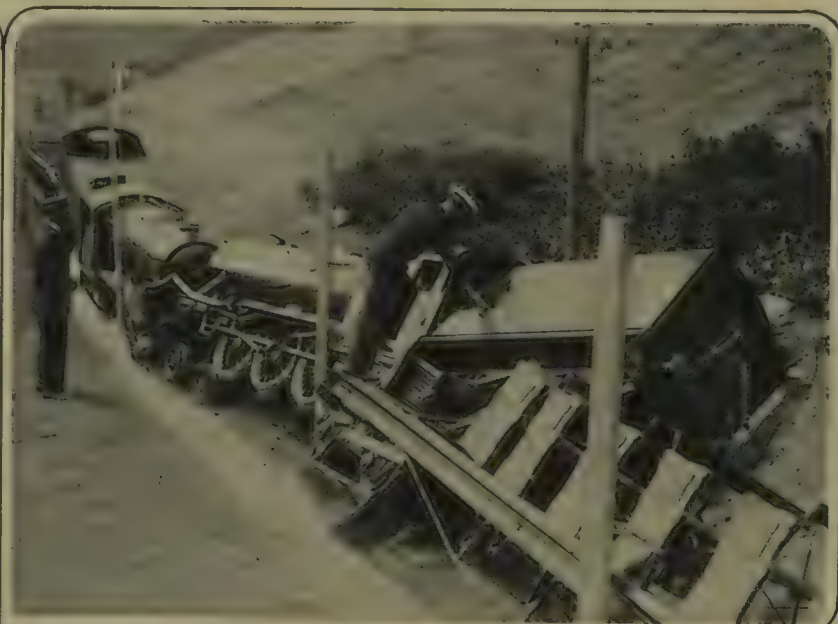
THE RUNNYMEDE OUTRAGE: MEMORIAL GATES SPRAYED WITH CREOSOTE—A VIEW JUST AFTER THE UNVEILING BY THE PRINCE OF WALES (ON LEFT).

When the Prince of Wales arrived at Runnymede, on July 8, to unveil the memorial gates commemorating the sealing of Magna Carta, he found that the pillars had been sprayed with creosote. The caretakers' cottages erected on either side had also been disfigured.



A DISTURBING CASE OF RIVER POLLUTION: FISH KILLED IN THOUSANDS IN THE RIVER TRENT NEAR DERBY.

Describing what appears to be a singularly bad case of river pollution in the Derby district, a correspondent writes: "This killing of fish is a regular occurrence in the river. Huge masses of black, shiny substances float down, and the river bottom is covered with a glutinous substance which, in warm weather, seems to asphyxiate the fish."



THE MINIATURE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT SCARBOROUGH: (LEFT) ONE OF THE LITTLE TRAINS; (RIGHT) THE WRECKED TRAINS AFTER COLLIDING HEAD-ON.

A fatal accident occurred on July 10 on the Scarborough Corporation's miniature railway. Two trains met in a head-on collision, and, as a result, the engine-driver of one was killed and some thirty people were injured. The railway runs along the cliff of the North Bay, from Peasholme Park to Scalby Mills. On the occasion of the accident, both trains had full loads of passengers. The collision, the cause of which was still unknown at the time of writing, occurred near the loop, where the trains should have passed one another at the middle station, known as North Bay Station. The engine of the train from Scalby Mills was thrown on its side, as seen in our photograph.

PERSONALITIES  
OF THE WEEK :  
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE LATE MR. REGINALD LIVESEY; THE ENGLISH EXPLORER WHO WAS SAVED BY AN ECLIPSE OF THE MOON FROM HOSTILE BLACKS IN QUEENSLAND—AN INCIDENT USED BY RIDER HAGGARD IN "KING SOLOMON'S MINES."

The late Mr. Reginald Livesey was born in 1854, and had an adventurous life in many parts of the world. A correspondent thus describes one of the most remarkable moments of his career: "Between 1874-7 he explored the interior of Queensland with two friends and a black fellow; and they had the extraordinary experience of being saved from almost certain death by an eclipse of the moon occurring at the exact moment of the blacks' attack, after three days' tracking. They ascribed this phenomenon to the Englishman's magic, and about 600 of them fled in terror. This is the origin of the incident used by Rider Haggard in 'King Solomon's Mines.'" Mr. Livesey was also a keen sportsman and naturalist.



MR. K. C. GILLETTE.

The co-inventor of the Gillette safety razor. Died July 9; aged seventy-seven. In his struggle to devise and manufacture an article which would have a universal sale, he was helped by Mr. W. E. Nickerson.



MR. KENNETH GRAHAME.

The author of "The Wind in the Willows" and "The Golden Age." Died July 6; aged seventy-three. Secretary of the Bank of England from 1898 to 1908. Published "Dream Days," 1898.



MR. THOMAS BATA.

The Czecho-Slovakian shoe magnate, who recently bought land at East Tilbury to set up a factory in England. Killed on July 12 when his aeroplane crashed near Zlin, where his great shoe-factory is situated.



MR. JAMES McNEILL.

Governor-General of the Irish Free State. Demanded an apology from Mr. de Valera, alleging discourtesy on the part of him and of two other members of the Irish Executive Council at a dance.



THE CANCELLED "HAZARD" BROADCAST: KAPITAN HASHAGEN AND COMMANDER LEWIS (R).

Because it might have caused pain in some quarters, the B.B.C. announced that their "Hazard" broadcast talk, No. 8, and their "Encounters" No. 2 would be withdrawn. Kapitän Ernst Hashagen was to give a "Hazard" broadcast, called "U-Boat"; while in the "Encounters" series Kapitän Hashagen and Commander N. Lewis, R.N. (ret'd.) were to broadcast on "Submarine v. Submarine."



THE KING'S CUP AIR RACE: THE WINNING MACHINE, A FOX MOTH; AND (INSET) THE WINNER, CAPTAIN W. L. HOPE.

Captain W. L. Hope, the winner of the King's Cup in 1927 and 1928, was again victorious in the race which ended on July 9, by a very narrow margin. The Prince of Wales's entry (a Comper Swift), flown by Flight-Lieut. E. H. Fielden, came in second, having made an average speed of 155.75 m.p.h.—as compared with the winner's 124.45 m.p.h. Mr. Walter Runciman was third, and won the Siddeley Trophy as the first flying club member home; with an average of 129 m.p.h.



THE ATTEMPT AT A RECORD WORLD FLIGHT: MATTERN AND GRIFFIN WELCOMED AT BERLIN BY CAPTAIN COEHL, A FORMER ATLANTIC FLYER.

The two Americans, Mr. Mattern and Mr. Griffin, set out from Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, on July 5 in an attempt to fly round the world in record time. They reached Tempelhof, the Berlin airport, at 5.40 on the following afternoon; being the first to make a non-stop Transatlantic flight to Berlin. They left Berlin for Moscow, but were forced down in a peat bog near Minsk on July 7, their aeroplane being wrecked.



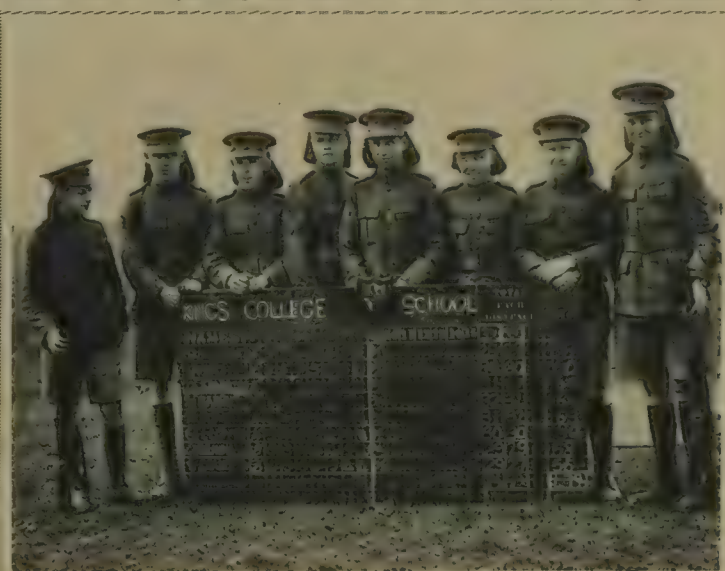
BRITISH OLYMPIC RUNNERS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE: (L. TO R.) MISS V. WEBB, MISS N. HALSTEAD, MISS PORTER, MISS E. JOHNSON, AND MISS E. HISCOCK.

At the championship meeting of the Women's A.A.A., two new world records were set up, both by athletes in the Olympic team for Los Angeles. Miss Johnson broke the hundred yards (11 secs.), and Miss Halstead the quarter-mile world's records (56.4-5 secs.). In the 100 yards, the first three (Miss Johnson, Miss Hiscock, and Miss Porter) were all Olympic runners.



SIR RICHARD THRELFALL, F.R.S.

The celebrated chemist and engineer who was associated with the development of the smoke-screen and the "tracer" bullet during the war. He died on July 10; aged seventy. He was a member of the Munitions Invention Board in 1916; of the Chemical Warfare Committee in 1917; and of the Food Preservation Board in 1918.



WINNERS OF THE ASHBURTON SHIELD: KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, WIMBLEDON, WHO SCORED 479 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 560.

The competition for the Ashburton Shield has grown steadily in popularity. This year's entry showed a record, with eighty-six different schools competing. King's College, Wimbledon, were the winners, for the first time in the history of the competition, which was instituted in 1861. They scored 479 out of a possible 560 points. Christ's Hospital were the runners-up, and Whitgift School, Croydon, third.

# LONDON AS HEAT-WAVE BATHING-CENTRE AND BEACH-SUIT PROMENADE! THE METROPOLIS AS THE WARMEST PLACE IN THE BRITISH ISLES.



SUN-BATHERS BY THE SERPENTINE WHEN LONDON WAS THE WARMEST PLACE IN THE BRITISH ISLES: LINGERING ON "LANSBURY'S LIDO" AT CLOSING-TIME ON THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON WHICH THAT POPULAR RESORT HAD BEEN OPENED.



IN THE THAMES AT LOW TIDE DURING THE HEAT WAVE: HORSES ALLOWED A COOL WALK IN THE RIVER, WHICH THEY ENTERED BY WAY OF A TUNNEL IN THE WEST EMBANKMENT, NEAR LAMBETH BRIDGE.



SOME OF THE TEN THOUSAND! BATHERS CROWDING "LANSBURY'S LIDO," BY THE SERPENTINE, TO ENTER WHICH BOTH MEN AND WOMEN WAITED FOR HOURS IN FORTY-YARD-LONG QUEUES: THE FORMER ON THE RIGHT, THE LATTER ON THE LEFT.



A YOUTHFUL DRESS-REFORMER OUTSIDE LORD'S DISDAINS THE OFFER OF A SUNSHADE, BEING CONTENT TO SUN-BATHE.



SUN-BATHING AMONG THE PIGEONS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, A "FLAGE" NOT ENCOURAGED BY OFFICIALDOM!



BEACH-SUITS AND BATHING-DRESSES IN HYDE PARK—ON THE SUNNY PATH TO LONDON'S "LIDO."



"LIDO" BATHERS IN HYDE PARK—AND ENVIED BY THE LESS-ENTERPRISING ONLOOKERS, WHO, NEVERTHELESS, GIVE THEM A SMILE.



PROOF THAT THE HYDE PARK "LIDO" WAS NOT THE ONLY POPULAR LONDON BATHING-RESORT: SWIMMERS ENJOYING A COOLING DRINK AT THE OPEN-AIR BATH AT HORNSEY.



A BEACH-SUIT ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT AFTER BUSINESS HOURS ON THE SATURDAY.



ASKING THE WAY TO A COOL SPOT!



THE LAW INTERVENES! A POLICEMAN CALLING A YOUNG WOMAN AND HER CHILDREN OUT OF A FOUNTAIN-BATH IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, WHERE BATHING IS NOT PERMITTED.

The heat wave, needless to say, caught London unawares, and therefore unprepared; but found her as adaptable as usual. Light clothing became the rule, with shirt-sleeves visible in offices; private and public bathing-parties multiplied exceedingly; and the vendors of soft drinks profited to their hearts'

desire. As a result, Londoners, though only too conscious of the fact that the Metropolis was the warmest place in the British Isles on the Saturday and the Sunday, made themselves comparatively comfortable and sweated philosophically. Every open space was crowded, and as to the Serpentine, that

came very much into its own; on the Sunday, the first day of Sunday afternoon bathing at the "Lansbury Lido," somewhere about ten thousand people sought the cool of the water. Mention must be made also of such resorts as the open-air baths at Hornsey, at

Finchley, and on Tooting Bec Common; for these were filled to saturation point—and of the basins of the Trafalgar Square fountains, which, though not peculiarly popular, for reasons connected with Metropolitan Police orders, knew their occasional paddlers, very young and youthful.

## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



A MILITARY SPECTACLE AT YORK: THE MARCH PAST OF THE MASSED BANDS AT A REHEARSAL FOR THE NORTHERN COMMAND TATTOO.

The Northern Command military torchlight and searchlight tattoo was presented for the third year on the evening of July 9. The weather conditions were ideal, and the beautiful natural setting on the Knavesmire, with a background representing York Minster and the walls of York with their four gates, helped to make an impressive performance, rivalling the even more elaborate Aldershot



THE NORTHERN COMMAND TATTOO AT YORK: A BATTLE SCENE BY SEARCH-LIGHT; WITH A CONVENTIONAL REPRESENTATION OF THE MINSTER AND THE WALLS OF YORK.

Tattoo. Public performances were to begin on July 12 and continue at York until July 16. After that, the tattoo is to be removed to Roundhay Park, Leeds, where it will be shown from July 22 to 27. One of the most remarkable of the ten numbers is that in which an R.A.F. squadron from Catterick demonstrates an aerial bombing attack on a village against anti-aircraft fire, and then gives a display of aerobatics, with the lights of the aeroplanes showing up against the night sky. In all, over 2000 performers take part in the tattoo.



SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S FOR 440 GUINEAS: A HENRY VIII. TABLE DESK.

This desk, which dates from about 1525, has a sloping top and a double lid. The inner cover, as seen in our photograph, bears the Arms of Henry VIII, encircled by the Garter Motto, and with putti blowing trumpets as supporters. The desk was possibly a gift from King Henry to Catherine of Arragon.

A GREAT RACEHORSE SOLD FOR A RECORD AUCTION PRICE: SOLARIO, BOUGHT FOR 47,000 GUINEAS. One of the best sires of modern times and one of the greatest racehorses of this century, Solario, by Gainsborough out of Sun Worship, was bought on July 11 at Newmarket by Lord Glanely, acting on behalf of a syndicate, for 47,000 guineas. The horse will therefore stay in this country.



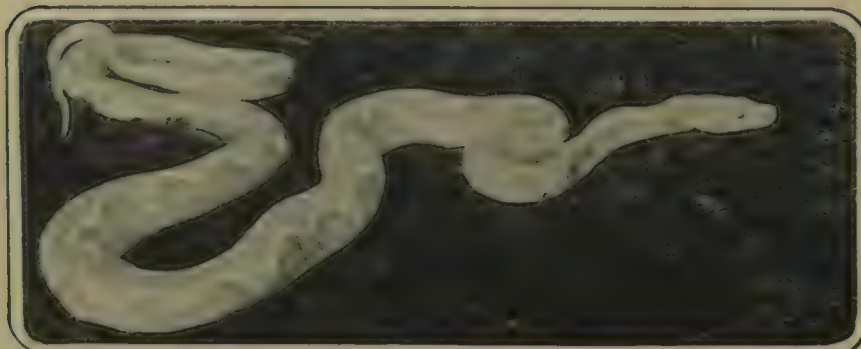
THE ELIZABETHAN PAGEANT ON PLYMOUTH HOE IN CONNECTION WITH PLYMOUTH WEEK: QUEEN ELIZABETH KNIGHTING SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

Plymouth Week opened on July 10 with an Elizabethan masque recalling aspects of the city's history in Armada days. Nearly three hundred players took part, enacting the various scenes on Plymouth Hoe before an appreciative crowd of thousands of people. Queen Elizabeth was impersonated by Miss D. M. Cotton, who, riding a white horse, headed a procession through the streets to the Hoe, where she was crowned.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A PANEL OF EMBROIDERED SILK.

One of the finest surviving examples of English mediaeval art, this panel, dating from about 1300, was perhaps the centre of an arcaded dorsal or upper frontal for an altar. Christ, enthroned beneath a Gothic arch, is represented in the act of blessing. The orb, upon which His left hand rests, bears the names of the three continents then known—"Evropa, Affica, Asia."



A NEW ARRIVAL AT THE LONDON "ZOO," REPUTED THE ONLY SNAKE OF ITS KIND IN CAPTIVITY: AN ALBINO PYTHON FROM SINGAPORE.

A rare zoological specimen, an albino python, arrived recently in London. Albinism is very infrequently encountered in reptiles, though occasionally albinotic frogs or axolotls are recorded. It is possible that these cases (including this python) are not examples of true albinism, but of glandular abnormality. The python is of a cream colour, with yellow markings and pink eyes.



THE RETURN FROM LAUSANNE: THE PRIME MINISTER'S WELCOME AT VICTORIA; WITH MR. BALDWIN, MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, AND MISS ISHBEL MACDONALD.

On his return from Lausanne on the afternoon of July 10, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was enthusiastically greeted at Victoria by a large crowd which had begun to assemble more than an hour before the train was due. Sir Clive Wigram, representing the King, was there to welcome him, and as many members of the Cabinet as could be present were also at Victoria.



THE FIRST STAGE OF FURTHER ELECTRIFICATION ON THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY: ONE OF THE NEW ELECTRIC TRAINS FOR THE REIGATE AND THREE BRIDGES EXTENSION.

The inauguration of the first stage in a further great extension of electrification on the Southern Railway has been fixed for Sunday, July 17, when electric trains will commence running on the section from London to Reigate and Three Bridges. The services will consist, generally, of two trains per hour in each direction. The system will ultimately reach Brighton and Worthing, forming the first main line electrification scheme undertaken in this country. Above is shown one of the new four-coach trains, including one corridor coach.



A STRONG FEMININE ELEMENT IN THE BELGIAN MINING STRIKES: WOMEN BANNER-BEARERS AT CUESMES.

Belgian miners recently went on strike in the Mons Basin, and the situation became serious. Neither officials nor workers were allowed by the strikers to approach any pit, and the miners tried to provoke a general strike, apparently directed by Communists. Factories were

(Continued on right.)

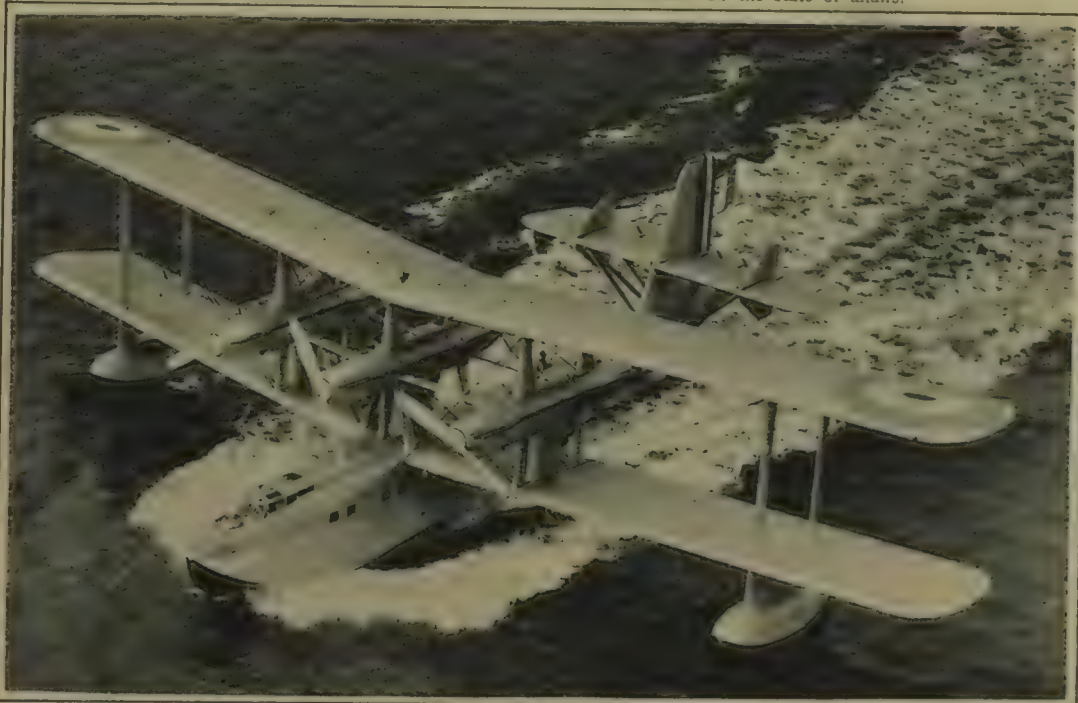


INTIMIDATION DURING THE BELGIAN STRIKES: THE HOUSE OF A NON-STRIKER DAUBED WITH TAR.

guarded by detachments of cavalry and gendarmes. By July 9 the strike was almost general in the Province of Hainaut. The offices of the Communist Party were raided by the police. There were many violent incidents. At Charleroi, for example, the police were stoned, mainly by women who marched at the head of the strikers. Three infantry regiments were sent to Mons and Charleroi. At Cuesmes, near Mons, an attempt was made to loosen railway-lines. King Albert returned to Brussels, from Switzerland, on July 11, and conferred with his Ministers on the state of affairs.



WARLIKE SCENES IN A FAMOUS WAR AREA: ARMOURD CARS IN CHARLEROI DURING THE BELGIAN STRIKES.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST MILITARY FLYING-BOAT ON HER TRIAL TRIP: THE NEW R.A.F. 33-TON ALL-METAL SHORT BIPLANE TAKING OFF ON THE MEDWAY.

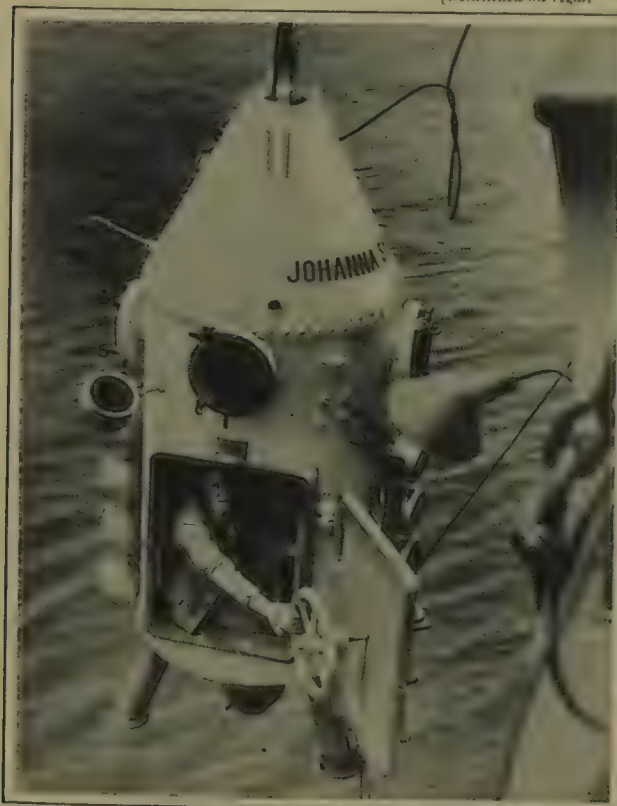
The new six-engined all-metal Short biplane, built at Rochester for the Royal Air Force, is here seen taking off, on July 11, for its trial trip over the Medway. It is the largest military flying-boat in the world, with a loaded weight of 33 tons. It was built experimentally for long-range reconnaissance, and has six 825-h.p. Rolls-Royce Buzzard engines fitted in tandem pairs between the wings. The wing-span is 120 ft. The trial flight was very successful.

## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE NEW ARCHDRUID OF WALES (THE WHITE-ROBED FIGURE WITH CROWN OF LEAVES) PROCLAIMED AT WREXHAM: A PROCESSION DURING THE CEREMONY.

The ceremony of proclaiming a new Archdruid of Wales, who takes a leading part in the Welsh National Eisteddfod, took place recently at Wrexham. In our photograph the new Archdruid, clad in a white robe and hood, with a wreath of leaves, is seen on the right in the second row, next but one to the standard-bearer. The previous Archdruid, the Rev. John Owen Williams, died in Liverpool on July 7.



UNDER-WATER OCEANOGRAPHY AS A POPULAR ATTRACTION: THE FIRST DIVING-BELL FOR PUBLIC USE.

"For the first time," says a note on this photograph, "the public may now see the bottom of the ocean from the new diving-bell installed aboard the 'Johanna Smith,' anchored 12 miles off the coast of California. Four persons may descend 150 feet to the sea-floor and study oceanography.

## THE END OF THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE CANCELLING



GERMAN SIGNS OF A PRIVATE TALK IN PROGRESS IN MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S ROOM: THE HATS OF COUNT SCHWERIN VON KROSIK, FINANCE MINISTER; HERR VON PAPPEN, CHANCELLOR; AND BARON VON NEURATH, FOREIGN MINISTER—LEFT TO RIGHT.



FRENCH SIGNS OF A PRIVATE TALK IN PROGRESS IN MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S ROOM: THE HATS OF M. GERMAIN-MARTIN, FINANCE MINISTER; M. HERRIOT, PREMIER AND MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS; AND M. BONNET, A FORMER MINISTER—LEFT TO RIGHT.

NEGOTIATIONS—  
AND COAGULATIONS—  
IN MR. RAMSAY  
MACDONALD'S  
ROOM IN THE  
HÔTEL BEAU  
RIVAGE.

From left to right are seen Count Schwerin von Krosigk, German Finance Minister (standing); M. Jules Renkin, Belgian Premier and Finance Minister; Signor Dino Grandi, Italian Foreign Minister; Baron von Neurath, German Foreign Minister; Herr von Papen, German Chancellor; M. Herriot, French Premier and Minister for Foreign Affairs; Mr. E. D. Sanders, of the British Embassy in Berlin; M. Georges Bonnet, French ex-Minister; Mr. Ramsay MacDonald; Sir Maurice Hankey (standing); M. Germain-Martin, French Finance Minister; and M. Francoul, Belgian Minister of State.



A BALCONY INTERLUDE: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD WITH MISS ISABEL MACDONALD AND MR. BUTLER, PRIVATE SECRETARY.

The Final Act of the Lausanne Conference was signed on the morning of July 9 at a plenary session held in the hall of the Beau Rivage Hotel, Cuchy. After Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had opened the proceedings, Sir John Simon cleared up a point that had been forgotten; and then the Convention was signed, first by Mr. MacDonald, as President of the Conference, and then by the other delegates, Herr von Papen, Baron von Neurath, and the other



A LITTLE CONVERSATION BETWEEN GERMANY AND FRANCE IN A QUIET CORNER OF THE HOTEL: HERR VON PAPPEN (LEFT) AND M. HERRIOT.

German Ministers signing last. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald then made a closing speech. In the course of this he said: "Fellow delegates, I have been asked to tell you that the seal which has been affixed to the document is not only an ancient one carrying with it many memories, but is one which is peculiarly appropriate to the function it has performed to-day. I am informed that it is the work of the Lausanne goldsmith Antoine Bovard, Master of the Mint,

## REPARATIONS: THE LAST TALKS AND THE FINAL ACT.



AGREEMENT REACHED AT LAUSANNE: THE SCENE IN THE HALL OF THE BEAU RIVAGE HOTEL, AT CUCHY, AS HERR VON PAPPEN, THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR, SIGNED THE CONVENTION, A HISTORIC DOCUMENT BEARING THE SEAL OF A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY TREATY OF FRATERNITY.



"WE HAVE WRITTEN AT LAUSANNE A PAGE OF HISTORY. THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE MUST NOT BE CONSIDERED AS THE LAST CHAPTER OF AN OLD BOOK, BUT AS THE FIRST CHAPTER OF A NEW ONE." MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD SPEAKING AT THE FINAL SESSION OF THE CONFERENCE.

and that the seal was made on the occasion of a treaty of fraternity concluded with all solemnity at Berne on December 7, 1525, between the cities of Berne and Fribourg on the one part, and the city of Lausanne on the other." And then he continued: "Our work is finished. We have been striving for three weeks to come to an agreement. Agreement has not been easy. There are too many old memories, and there is nothing harder to uproot than an

old memory. . . . Never . . . have peace and security been established on a foundation of old memories. We have written at Lausanne a page of history. The Lausanne Conference must not be considered as the last chapter of an old book, but as the first chapter of a new one." He then expressed the hope that there would come into being economic, political, and mental conditions which would mean that Europe would have learned to war no more.

# DIGGING TO VIRGIN SOIL AT NINEVEH:

PRE-HISTORY REVEALED BY A 90-FOOT PIT; THE TEMPLE OF ISHTAR CLEARED;  
AND HITTITE HIEROGLYPHIC INSCRIPTIONS FOUND.

By R. CAMPBELL THOMPSON, Director of the British Museum Excavations at Nineveh. (See Illustrations opposite.)

FROM Nineveh always something fresh. Last year the magnificent copper head of 3000 B.C. and the arched tombs came to light: this year the great interest has centred round two foci—the great pit dug to virgin soil, about 90 ft. deep (Fig. 4, opposite), and the two Hittite hieroglyphic inscriptions, both in the linear writing, one on stone about 3½ by 3½ in. (Fig. 11), the other, I believe unique, scratched on a flattish clay tablet (Figs. 9 and 10).

As before, my wife accompanied me, and my colleague this year was Mr. M. E. L. Mallowan, whose wife was also with us for the greater part of the season,

what may be considered the complete history of the temple from the brick and stone inscriptions discovered between the middle of last century and this last expedition.

The first builder within the temple precincts whose name is known was Manishtushu, the King of Agade (c. 2450 B.C.), the son of Sargon, who thus must have included Nineveh in his conquests. The temple was in existence in the time of Hammurabi (XXth cent. B.C.), and was rebuilt by Shamshi-Adad (c. 1840 B.C.). Then follows the long, jejune Kassite period, of which little is known of the temple. Tushratta (XIVth cent. B.C.) of Mitanni, in a letter to the King of Egypt, mentions how Ishtar of Nineveh, both in his reign and in that of his father, went down to Egypt; he reigned about the same time as Ashur-uballit of Assyria, whose exploits against the Kassites are sung in a tablet from Nineveh, written in a most minute hand, of which we had recovered three pieces in other seasons—

Behind the gods, his helpers, the king at the forefront of the army began the fight:  
Crying "I am Ashur-uballit, the destroying giant,"  
cast down the corpses,  
The warriors of Ashur, eager for the fray, were facing death,  
They shouted "Ishtar!—how long will they cast down the Lady in confusion?"

Clearly the Assyrian battle-cry shows that Ishtar of Nineveh had suffered no little contumely at Kassite hands. We have recovered some little trace of the Kassite wars this last season: half of a stone mace-head (Fig. 2), inscribed with the name of the Kassite King Kadashman-Enlil (either I. or II.; XIVth or XIIIth century), doubtless placed in the Temple of Ishtar as a votive offering. Ashur-uballit was able to restore the temple, and Shalmaneser I., with his son, about a hundred years later, carried on the work, and then followed many others (e.g., Fig. 3).

Our big pit (Fig. 4), dug to virgin soil under Mr. Mallowan's care, occupied about half our workmen some two-and-a-half months, and it was with a feeling of infinite relief that we saw the last basketful of earth thrown back into it, and the dangerous chasm filled up, without accident to man or boy. It had been a formidable task successfully completed, thanks to the Arab workman's fearless head for heights. In our descent to virgin soil from the highest point in Nineveh we had had to dig this pit 90 ft. deep, and of the total depth no less than 72 ft. consisted of prehistoric debris, an accumulation greater than any yet dug in the Middle East, involving, of course, a very long period of time.

As a result of our excavations Mr. Mallowan has been able to classify the material of pre-Assyrian Nineveh into five distinct cultures (Fig. 1). Period V., the latest of the series, roughly contemporaneous with the royal cemetery of Ur, may be dated to about

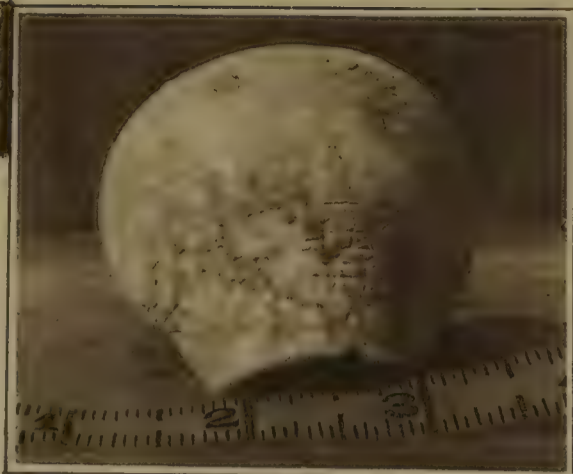


FIG. 2. A RELIC OF THE KASSITE WARS OF THE FOURTEENTH OR THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.: A STONE MACE-HEAD INSCRIBED WITH THE NAME OF KADASHMAN-ENLIL (I. OR II.), A KASSITE KING OF ASHUNNAN—A VOTIVE OFFERING FOUND IN THE TEMPLE OF ISHTAR AT NINEVEH. (WITH TAPE-MEASURE TO INDICATE DIMENSIONS.)

colours, with geometric patterns in lustrous reds and black on a burnished apricot or cream slip. We were able to trace the development of this magnificent and elaborate pottery from its simplest origins. On virgin soil were found the scattered remains of Period I., the earliest Ninevite settlement. The coarse plain and incised ware found at the bottom of this vast accumulation of debris belongs to a civilisation that cannot be placed much later than 5000 B.C. I am glad to say that Mr. Mallowan, attracted by the great interest of these finds, is proposing to lead an expedition to a neighbouring prehistoric site on behalf of the British Museum next season, if only his funds are sufficiently augmented.

The investigations to the north-west of the Palace of Sennacherib showed that there is still a good deal to be done in this direction. Layard's plan of the palace comes to an abrupt and uncertain end on this side, and it was with the view of settling whether more existed here that we dug some large trenches about 20 to 25 ft. deep here. These showed that the palace undoubtedly continues here, although partly destroyed, and not of such magnificence as the main central building, for we found no sculptures, the walls having been faced with plain slabs. Pieces of cuneiform tablets, woefully broken and scattered, came to light, and the inevitable Parthian antiquities, ubiquitous on this mound. The trenches, however, were little more than soundings; and there is no doubt that this side would some day repay excavation.

Our last explorations were on the flats, in the lower fields, some 400 yards distant from the mound, to the north-west. In 1927 a brick inscription had shown that presumably in this neighbourhood had been a house built by Sennacherib for his son, and a few days' work during that season here had given us eighty pieces of cuneiform prisms of the VIIth century B.C. (e.g., Figs. 7 and 8) and the perfect prism of Esarhaddon (Fig. 6), which describes the events after the murder of his father, Sennacherib. This season we cleared

out numerous chambers here, all built with walls of unburnt brick, and obtained 250 more fragments of similar prisms; and, while these were being dug out, one of the workmen brought me a broken little stone plaque, about 3½ in. square, on which he pointed out an inscription half-hidden by earth. I at first thought it was an early pictorial script, but, as soon as it was dry enough to brush, the Hittite characters became obvious (Fig. 11). A little later a lad brought me a flat clay tablet, which, after similar brushing, revealed linear Hittite

characters scratched on both sides (Figs. 9 and 10). This is, I believe, the first time that Hittite inscriptions have been found at Nineveh; these had been, of course, probably brought in anciently either by messengers or foreigners from either Carchemish or still deeper in the Hittite country. But alas! no more appeared, and the much-sought bilingual has yet to be found; and until that happens there is little likelihood of these being translated.



FIG. 3. A DISC OF BAKED PAINTED CLAY INSCRIBED IN CUNEIFORM ON THE FLAT RIM WITH A RECORD OF REPAIRS TO THE TEMPLE OF ISHTAR AT NINEVEH BY ASHUR-RISH-ISHI ABOUT 1130-1120 B.C.: CONTEMPORARY EVIDENCE REGARDING ONE OF MANY RESTORATIONS.

3000 B.C. Period IV., which bears close analogies with the earlier civilisations of Kish, Erech, and Ur., carries us back to about 4000 B.C. Period III. is chiefly characterised by the discovery of a series of infant burials in urns and the earliest-known Ninevite examples of metal. A climatic change seems to separate Period II. from Period III. Below several strata of pluvial deposit came a series of brilliantly painted pottery fragments, many of them in three

FIG. 1. THE PRE-HISTORY OF NINEVEH CLASSIFIED IN COMPLETE SEQUENCE FOR THE FIRST TIME (CHIEFLY BY MEANS OF THE 90-FT. PIT SEEN IN FIG. 4. OPPOSITE): A TABLE SHOWING RELATIVE DEPTHS (IN THE STRATA) OF SUCCESSIVE NINEVITE CIVILISATIONS BELOW A SURFACE LINE MARKED ZERO, WITH APPROXIMATE MEAN DATES FOR EACH PERIOD.—[From a Chart prepared by Mr. M. E. L. Mallowan.]

and it was again due to the liberality of Sir Charles Hyde that the British Museum was able to continue the excavations. The season's work consisted in the completion of the Temple of Ishtar, which, it will be remembered, was described last year in these columns (*The Illustrated London News*, June 27, 1931); the investigation of some outlying parts of the S.W. Palace of Sennacherib (discovered by Layard in the middle of last century), and the clearance of a site on the flats below Kouyunjik, which had been begun in 1927; and finally, and more particularly, the digging of the pit 90 ft. deep, which I left entirely in Mr. Mallowan's charge, in order to obtain the complete sequence of this prehistoric strata (Fig. 1).

The Temple of Ishtar, judging from our clearance of the solid substructure of unburnt brick, which was usually 6 ft. thick, had at one time extended over an area of some 300 by 150 ft. Few traces of the walls (also of unburnt brick) have survived, this being due to various causes, partly to the destruction in 612 B.C., partly to rains, and lastly, perhaps most serious of all, the depredations of the later occupants, who found it a most convenient mine of well-puddled clay. But much of the burnt brick pavements in the courts still remains *in situ*, the largest one cleared this season originally extending over an area of 60 by 50 ft., but of uncertain date, owing to the absence of any king's name (Fig. 5). At its edge was a stone cist which may have contained the little tutelary figures (as both L. W. King and I found, about twenty-eight years ago, in Ashurbanipal's courtyard in his palace), and we actually found one such figure in lead thirty yards away. We have now recovered

## THE ROMANCE OF NINEVEH: NEW DISCOVERIES— ASSYRIAN RECORDS; MYSTERIOUS HITTITE TABLETS.



FIG. 4.  
DANGEROUS  
WORK:  
DIGGING A  
90-FT. PIT  
AT NINEVEH,  
TO CLASSIFY  
PERIOD STRATA  
(SEE FIG. 2),  
AND PASSING UP  
BASKETS OF  
EARTH BY HAND.



FIG. 5. PART OF THE TEMPLE OF ISHTAR  
AT NINEVEH: PAVEMENTS OF UNCERTAIN DATE  
(PERHAPS ABOUT THE NINTH CENTURY B.C.).



FIG. 6. THE PRISM OF ESARHADDON, KING OF  
ASSYRIA (681-668 B.C.): A CUNEIFORM RECORD OF  
EVENTS AFTER THE MURDER OF SENNACHERIB.

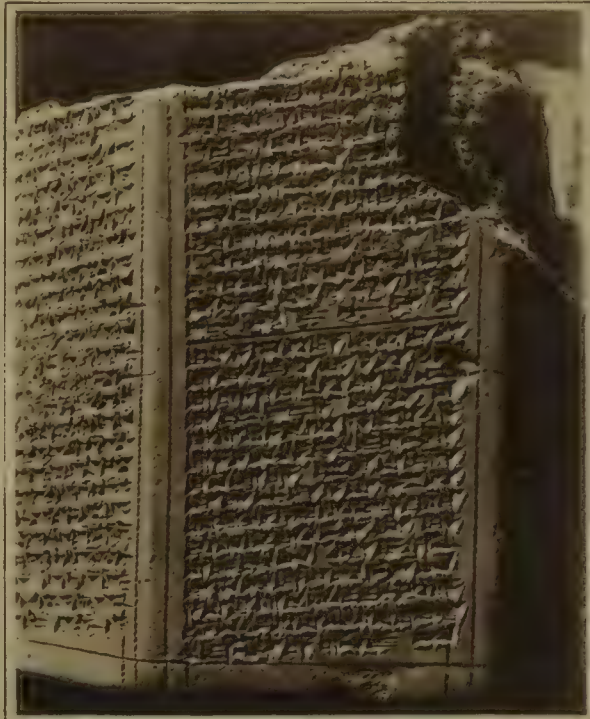


FIG. 7. THE BASE OF A SIX-SIDED CUNEIFORM PRISM WITH  
RECORDS OF SENNACHERIB, KING OF ASSYRIA (705-681 B.C.):  
A FIND FROM A HOUSE PERHAPS BUILT BY HIM FOR HIS SON.

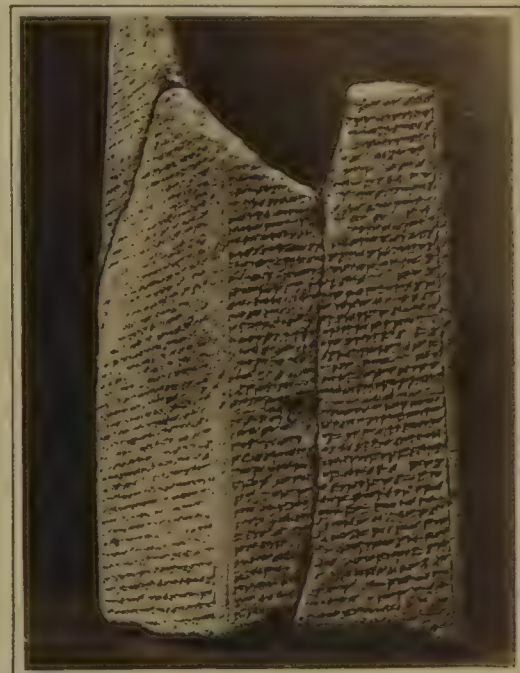
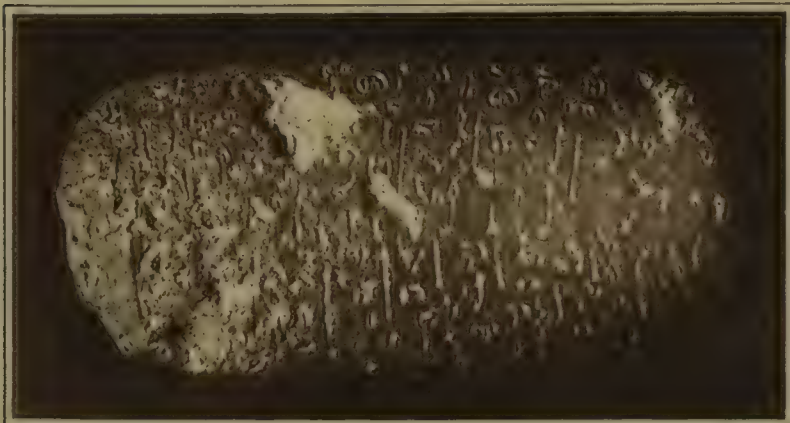
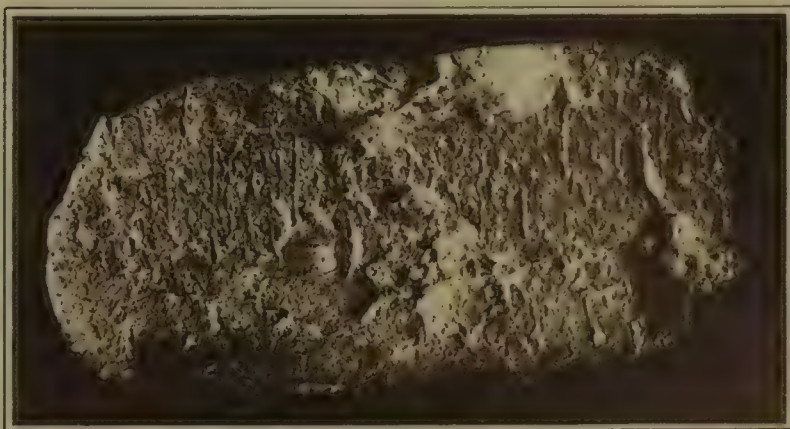


FIG. 8. RECORDS OF ASHURBANIPAL, KING OF  
ASSYRIA (668-626 B.C.): PIECES OF A CUNEIFORM  
PRISM FROM THE SAME SITE AS IN FIGS. 6 AND 7.



FIGS. 9 AND  
10:  
THE FIRST  
DISCOVERY AT  
NINEVEH OF  
HITTITE  
HIERO-  
GLYPHIC  
TEXTS, AT  
PRESENT  
UNTRANS-  
LATABLE: A  
UNIQUE CLAY  
TABLET,  
DATING FROM  
THE NINTH-  
SEVENTH  
CENTURIES  
B.C.,  
WITH  
INSCRIPTIONS  
SCRATCHED  
ON BOTH  
SIDES—  
(UPPER) THE  
REVERSE;  
(LOWER) THE  
OBSERVE.



FIG. 11. THE FIRST HITTITE RECORD FOUND AT NINEVEH: A STONE  
(3½ IN. SQUARE) INCISED WITH LINEAR HIEROGLYPHICS (NINTH-SEVENTH  
CENTURIES B.C.), PROBABLY BROUGHT FROM CARCHEMISH, AND STILL  
PRESERVING ITS SECRETS UNTIL SOME BILINGUAL KEY IS DISCOVERED.

In our issue of June 27 last year, Mr. R. Campbell Thompson announced that "the Temple of Ishtar at Nineveh had at last been found." The discovery followed years of research, by himself and others, for the British Museum, which, he recalled, has always conducted the work there since Layard found the great palace of Sennacherib. The larger mound at Nineveh, Kouyunjik, Mr. Thompson described as "rich in all the pleasant romance of archaeology." His present article (given opposite) records the subsequent season's work (1931-32), including completion of the temple site, and some remarkable discoveries, illustrated in the above photographs (numbered according to his references). Writing to us, he

says: "The best things are two Hittite hieroglyphic texts (never before found at Nineveh, as far as I know), one of which was unique, being scratched on a clay tablet (Figs. 9 and 10). Our 90-foot pit to virgin soil has given us for the first time, I think it may be said, a proper conspectus of the pre-history of Nineveh. The earliest fragments of painted pottery go back at least to 5000 B.C. Of later Assyrian things we have about 250 pieces of cuneiform historical cylinders, of Sennacherib, Esarhaddon, and Ashurbanipal." Until some bilingual key comes to light, the Hittite inscriptions cannot be translated.—  
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. R. CAMPBELL THOMPSON. (SEE HIS ARTICLE OPPOSITE.)

# THE LIES OF THE LEARNED.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"LES FRAUDES EN ARCHÉOLOGIE PRÉHISTORIQUE": By A. VAYSON DE PRADENNE.\*

(PUBLISHED BY ÉMILE NOURRY.)

THIS bulky treatise, by a distinguished expert who has the gift of unusually lucid exposition, is as interesting as it is erudite; but it prompts some sad reflections on the incorrigible duplicity of human nature. One might have supposed the domain of prehistoric learning, remote as it is from ordinary mundane affairs, to have little appeal for the artful dodger; but M. Vayson de Pradenne presents abundant evidence to the contrary, and one of the most emphatic lessons which he derives from it is that no archaeological evidence, from whatever source it comes, can be accepted on trust. The dim realm of pre-history, in which so much depends on speculation and inference, clearly offers the greatest temptations to the pseudo-scientific cheat, and in this field the author chooses fifteen striking examples between the years 1725 and 1905. But in order to illustrate further the psychology of learned fraud, he chooses seven other remarkable instances from general archaeology and natural science, domains in which evidence is more easily checked and imposture is proportionately more daring. Each example is expounded in an extremely clear and systematic manner, which errs, if at all, in the copiousness of detail with which the evidence is marshalled.

In archaeology, which is his main concern, M. de Pradenne distinguishes three kinds of fraud: (1) false evidence as to authentic specimens; (2) fabrication, either total or partial, of specimens; and (3) falsification, or what we may vulgarly call *faking*, of the sites of archaeological "finds." Again and again we observe these three forms of deception practised with numerous variations and with surprising success.

As for their origin, the commonest cause is that the dishonest-unlearned prey upon the honest-learned. Repeatedly we find that the enthusiastic and too credulous scientist falls an easy victim to the most palpable knaveries. At the very dawn of palæontology, for example, as long ago as 1725, the ardent Huber was

numerous workshops were, quite openly, turning out an inexhaustible supply of pseudo-flints, upon which the whole startling and revolutionary theory of "neissimolithic" art was based. The same thing happened five years later at Breonio, where innumerable flints of unprecedented forms made their appearance; all, it seems, were attributable to one "trusted excavator" (*scavatore fidato*): and, as an example of the widening circles of fraud, it is interesting to find that the dupe, Pigorini, relied largely in his impassioned defence on the analogy of certain "finds" in Poland (the so-called "Bone Age" specimens of Mnikow, also described in this volume) which were themselves gross fabrications. At the end of last century Southern Russia was producing a rich profusion of Scythian antiquities, remarkable for their diversity and for their suspiciously perfect state of preservation. The most notorious manufacturer of these "fakes" was a certain Hochmann, whose activities were so well known that when he offered his masterpiece, the entirely false "Tiara of Saitapharnes," to the British Museum he met with the most contemptuous reply. Yet the "Russian gang" had imposed on no less a historian than Curtius (who, unlike a great many scholarly victims, frankly acknowledged his error), and Hochmann contrived to sell his tiara to the Louvre for 200,000 francs. The sequel was general ridicule and a public scandal, vividly described by M. de Pradenne; and the whole science of archaeology, not altogether undeservedly, was brought into discredit.

The ease with which the simple may practise upon the wise is perhaps best illustrated by the case of an engaging rascal who, in the early nineteenth century, was known by various affectionate *sobriquets*, but chiefly as "Flint Jack." He was a mass-producer of prehistoric flints, and his method had the simplicity of genius. "He untied his red handkerchief and revealed a number of pieces of flint. He chose a thin fragment from among them, and, holding it sometimes on his knees and sometimes in the hollow of his hand, he gave it a few careless strokes with an object which looked like a bent nail. In a few moments he had produced a slender arrow-head which he handed to a member of the audience, and he continued to turn out a succession of arrow-heads with an ease and rapidity which showed long practice. Before long there was a crowd round the artist, while his flints were worked into different kinds of arrow-heads and sold among the audience for sixpence each." It must be added, more in sorrow than in anger, that this craftsman's *penchant* for the broad arrow proved prophetic.

Not all the impostures of archaeology have been committed by vulgar cheats. Occasionally a person of erudition misdirects his talents towards scientific fraud, though—to the credit of learning—M. de Pradenne reassures us that this has never been done by any archaeologist of first-rate standing. But in the case of the notorious Inscriptions of the Chapel of Saint-Eloi, F. Lenormant, a young man of considerable attainments, practised the most elaborate deception not only upon the world at large, but upon his own father. A. Meillet, "an able chemist and distinguished geologist," in 1863 hatched the whole false brood of quaternary "carved bones" in the Chaffaud Caves; while it is now past doubt that the distinguished Colonel di Cesnola ingeniously fabricated the "Treasure of Curium," which between 1875 and 1885 fluttered all the dovescotes of ancient history. Perhaps the most extraordinary instance of scientific imposture—not, however, in the realm of archaeology—is the comparatively recent one of "Kammerer's Frog." This brilliant young scientist claimed to have established, by experiments on batrachians, the heredity of acquired characteristics; it was proved conclusively that his most important specimen had actually been treated with Indian ink, and that some of his microscopic slides had been deliberately falsified. Kammerer denied that he had himself perpetrated the fraud, but he committed suicide

in 1926, immediately after the exposure. What motives lie behind all these sleights and subtleties in a *milieu* so inappropriate? M. de Pradenne discusses them with conspicuous acumen. The commonest motive is, of course, gain—material reward which attracts both the great and the petty rascal, and which may range from the very moderate tariff of "Flint Jack" to the million pounds which Shapira asked for his unparalleled (and wholly spurious) "Moabitea" or the 200,000 francs which Hochmann obtained for his golden tiara. There are less mercenary, but equally human, motives. M. de Pradenne believes that the impostor is sometimes moved by the simple desire to show the wise-ace that he is not so wise as he thinks he is; there are many examples of pure hoax, and the *savant*, who is not always rich in a sense of humour, is peculiarly liable to the practical jokes of the profane. Sometimes, again, the deception is of a quasi-pious nature, half-benevolent, half-contemptuous. The dear old professor (so reasons the "trusted excavator") is so serious about it all; it gives him such delight to make his finds and prove his theories. Well, let him have his finds and his theories! It is perhaps not unsalutary for the wise and learned to realise that, to simple men, all their erudition seems but a harmless hobby.

But probably the most powerful, and certainly the most insidious, motive is what M. de Pradenne calls "mythomania." The theorist is positive of his theory: if only he could discover the one piece of evidence which would silence the sceptic! Scarcely aware that he is deluding himself and the world, and certainly not conscious of any moral obliquity, he invents that imagined, that ardently desired "missing link," and for him it is *real*. Such is evidently the psychology of a man like Kammerer. How interesting it would be, how stimulating to the imagination, to discover that the islet of Riou, near Marseilles, was

(Continued on page 112.)



THE BEGINNINGS OF ARCHÆOLOGICAL FRAUD: SPECIMENS OF "ICONOLITHS"—FORGED FOSSILS WHICH DECEIVED PROFESSOR HUBER IN 1725.

A remarkable instance of the "dishonest-unlearned preying upon the honest-learned" took place at Würzburg in 1725. Three young brothers, employed by Huber as excavators, foisted thousands of faked fossils on the Professor, who bought them all with child-like credulity, and wrote a learned thesis about them.



FRAUDS WHICH "HAVE NOT YET BEEN UNANIMOUSLY RECOGNISED, FIFTY YEARS AFTER THEIR PERPETRATION": EXAMPLES OF THE SO-CALLED "BONE AGE" SPECIMENS OF MNIKOW, POLAND—THE WORK OF UNKNOWN FORGERS.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Émile Nourry, Publisher of "Les Fraudes en Archéologie Préhistorique."

easily taken in by the "iconoliths" of Würzburg—frauds so manifest that to the modern eye they seem almost child-like. We are constantly astonished, on the one hand by the audacity of the uneducated cheat, and on the other by the credulity of the highly intelligent dupe. Thus in 1873 an ignorant workman imposed on Herr Professor K. Merk with some alleged cave-drawings ("The Thuyngen Bear and Fox") which he had copied from a popular primer of historical zoology. At Beauvais in 1880

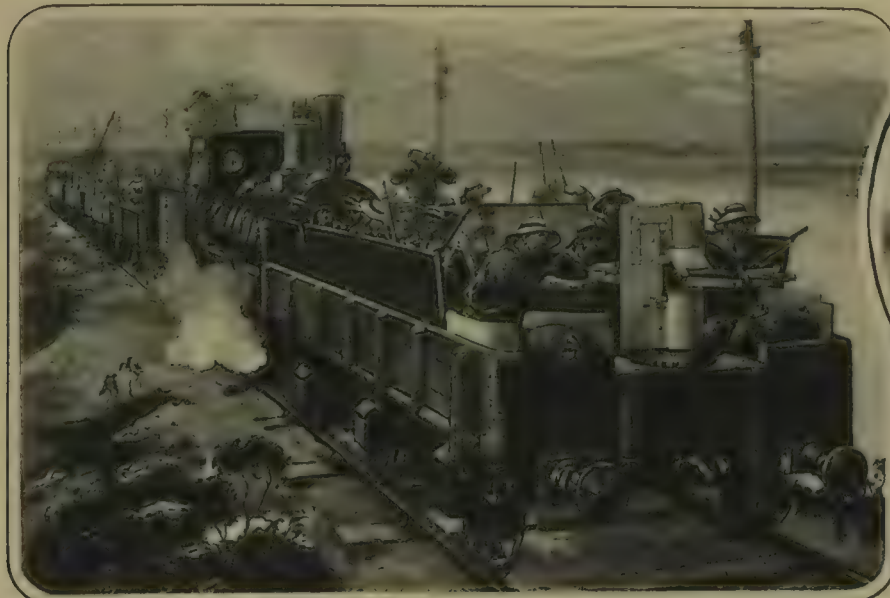
\* "Les Fraudes en Archéologie Préhistorique; avec Quelques Exemples de Comparaison en Archéologie Générale et Sciences Naturelles." By A. Vayson de Pradenne, Ingénieur Civil des Mines, Ancien Président de la Société Préhistorique Française. (Émile Nourry, Paris.)



RELICS OF "FLINT JACK," A YORKSHIRE FORGER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: SOME OF THE FLINTS HE SHAPED AND TOOLS THAT HE USED.

"Flint Jack," otherwise known as "Fossil Willy," "Old Antiquarian," and by other engaging nicknames, started as an honest prehistorian, but afterwards found that it was less trouble and more lucrative to manufacture than to hunt for the stone implements for which the public was ready to pay. He followed his trade, quite shamelessly, with considerable skill.

# THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA "JUBILEE": COMPARISONS IN DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF 1882.



1. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH (NO. 2): THE ARMoured TRAIN, MOUNTED WITH A NORDENFELDT GUN IN FRONT—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN OUR ISSUE OF AUGUST 12, 1882.



2. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE DRAWING (NO. 1): A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE NAVAL ARMoured TRAIN OUTSIDE ALEXANDRIA, JULY 1882 (LORD C. BERESFORD IN COMMAND), WITH RAILWAY LINES AS "ARMOUR" ON THE ENGINE.



3. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPH ADJOINING (NO. 4): THE INTERIOR OF THE LIGHTHOUSE FORT AT ALEXANDRIA AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT—A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST FROM OUR ISSUE OF AUGUST 5, 1882.



4. TO COMPARE WITH NO. 3: A PHOTOGRAPH OF RAS-EL-TIN FORT AFTER BOMBARDMENT; SHOWING THE LIGHTHOUSE DAMAGED BY A STRAY SHOT FROM H.M.S. "INFLEXIBLE."



5. THE BOMBARDMENT VIEWED FROM THE SEA: BRITISH SHIPS IN ACTION; (L. TO R.) H.M.S. "ALEXANDRA," "SULTAN," AND "SUPERB"—PART OF A PANORAMIC DRAWING FROM OUR ISSUE OF JULY 22, 1882.

The United Service Club arranged to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Bombardment of Alexandria, which took place on July 11, 1882. It is interesting to compare the above drawings from "The Illustrated London News" of that period with photographs of the same incidents, kindly lent by Admiral Sir Lewis Clinton-Baker. Our issue of July 15, 1882, described the bombardment. "Vice-Admiral Seymour (we read) hoisted his flag on board the 'Invincible,' which, with the 'Monarch' and 'Penelope,' assisted by the 'Téméraire' outside, attacked the forts on the mainland shore, while the 'Superb,' 'Sultan' and 'Alexandra' engaged and totally destroyed the Lighthouse and Pharos forts. The 'Inflexible' co-operated with both divisions. . . . By 4 p.m. four of the forts had been blown up, and the Khedive's Palace was on fire." Arabi abandoned the city, leaving behind troops who joined the mob in sacking and burning it. The task of restoring



6. THE BOMBARDMENT VIEWED FROM THE LAND: FIVE BRITISH SHIPS SEEN FROM THE RAS-EL-TIN FORT ON JULY 11, 1882—A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING ONE OF THE 12-INCH M.L. GUNS OVERTURNED.

order was entrusted to Lord Charles Beresford. Describing British land operations, our issue of August 12, 1882, stated: "The 'naval armoured railway train' . . . is a complete novelty in military practice. . . . This locomotive fortress consists of six trucks protected with iron shields, the engine being in the centre. A Nordenfeldt gun looks over the bows of the leading truck, and three Gatlings over the stern of the hindmost. Two field guns are carried. . . . Captain Fisher of H.M.S. 'Inflexible' (afterwards Lord Fisher) contrived the whole affair."

PHOTOGRAPHS (Nos. 2, 4, AND 6) BY COURTESY OF ADMIRAL SIR LEWIS CLINTON-BAKER. DRAWINGS (Nos. 1, 3, AND 5) REPRODUCED FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TRAVEL is in season, and my list of current works in that *genre* is far from exhausted. Last week I polished off a goodly batch of books appealing to the patriotic holiday-maker, who to himself hath said:

"This is my own, my native land,

and far be it from me to forsake her delectable shores." I am not sure whether the ban on foreign tours has been lifted, but I have observed no marked decrease in the alluring literature of the subject. Anyhow, those who remain at home from economic motives (national or domestic) may derive all the more a vicarious enjoyment from a trip abroad in others' books.

Nowadays there is perhaps too much facile admiration and easy-going acquiescence, not only in the criticism of books, but also in the criticism of life and of living people. The cause may be partly ascribed to the conditions of modern rush, and to the bewildering mass of material, human and literary, tending to hasty and superficial judgments. It is a salutary change to read the work of a writer who looks at the world and his fellow men with a candid and censorious eye. Such an one is the author of "FILIBUSTERS IN BARBARY." (Record of a Visit to the Sous.) By Wyndham Lewis (Grayson and Grayson; 12s. 6d.). Our literature has long been badly in need of a satirist, daring and mordant, to stir us out of our torpid complacency, and wage a merciless war on shams and humbugs, pretentious incompetence, and unscrupulous self-seeking. Despite a personal predilection for humour and light irony as literary weapons against these things, I realise the value, on occasion, of a little venomous invective. It is well sometimes that the spirit and methods of Horace should give place to those of Juvenal. Mr. Wyndham Lewis, already established by his previous books, especially "Apes of God," as a fearless critic and a master of forceful prose, has a strong claim to be recognised as the satirist of whom our society is in need.

That phrase, "criticism of life," which Matthew Arnold used—not very happily—as a definition of poetry, is more applicable, I think, to the comments made by an observant and thoughtful traveller as he goes about the world considering the ways and works of men. Certainly Mr. Lewis criticises very freely life as he saw it during his journey to and in the land of the Berbers. His artist's eye notes every feature, whether of a landscape or a human face and figure, every shade of colour, and every phase of character and personality in the people he met, white or brown, on shipboard or ashore. The result is a picture vivid in detail and brilliant in execution. With regard to the title, it should perhaps be pointed out that the book is not a historical study of the Barbary pirates. The author's "filibusters" are of a more modern stamp. He does not define the scope in which he employs the term, but from internal evidence I gather that he has in mind certain types of the contemporary tourist, commercial adventurers, film-producers, and various sorts of exploiters. He is no respecter of persons, exalted or humble, and in describing native customs and social institutions he shows no fear of Mrs. Grundy. It may be added that he has many good words to say of French Colonial administration in Morocco, and of the courtesy shown him by French officials. He extols the genius of Marshal Lyautey, while bitterly denouncing the politicians who brought about his recall. My only regret about this intensely picturesque and revealing book is that Mr. Wyndham Lewis did not see fit to employ his brush or pencil in support of his trenchant pen. He mentions, however, that he is preparing an illustrated volume on the strongholds of the Atlas Mountains.

That element of denunciation and caustic ridicule, a new note in books of travel, which generally err on the side of eulogy, is absent from the work of another famous writer, namely, "WINTERS OF CONTENT": More Discursions on Travel, Art, and Life. By Osbert Sitwell, with sixteen illustrations (Duckworth; 15s.). Mr. Sitwell, who has added largely to his knowledge of Southern Europe since the appearance of his "Discursions," six years ago, travels rather for the aesthetic enjoyment of art and architecture, the historical associations of the scenes which he visits, and the ideas and reminiscences which they suggest to his well-stored mind. He does not, however, neglect the personal touch in relating incidents of his journeys, while now and then he resorts to humorous mockery in relating chance encounters with objectionable or inefficient people. On the whole, however,

his calm and fastidious prose is restful and soothing. His book is divided into three parts: (1) Christmas in Venice; (2) New Year, Apulia; (3) Winter in Emilia. In this last section he describes a visit to Parma and discusses the art of Canova, Correggio, El Greco, and Tintoretto.

It is no far cry from the scenes of Mr. Sitwell's wanderings to the locality described by a French writer, likewise much experienced in Italian travel, in "SICILY." By Gabriel Faure. Translated by John Gilmer (London: The Medici Society; Boston: Hale, Cushman, and Flint; 7s. 6d.). The text is a pleasantly written record of a personal tour, not overloaded with learning, but stating briefly the essential facts of local history. The translation reads well, and the illustrations are beautiful and numerous.

concluding paragraph headed "England, two years later," we learn that "Bonita is as fat as a prize pig and her bay coat shines like that of a well-groomed stallion," while Chiquito "shines" at gymkhanas and in the hunting field, where he "jumps everything he is put at." It is good to know that in Spain the travellers often found "the pure gold of human kindness among the clinker heaps of human poverty." Let us hope also that the seed of their English kindness to animals sometimes fell on fruitful ground.

To the last-named book an interesting parallel, or rather contrast, is presented by another chronicle of a husband-and-wife tour—this time by motor-bike and side-car—which has only just come to hand, namely,

"THREE LANDS ON THREE WHEELS." By Jan and Cora Gordon. Illustrated by the Authors (Harrap; 12s. 6d.). My space and time are alike running short, and I perceive that this book deserves fuller consideration than I can give it now. The "three lands" are France, England, and Ireland, and the tour was made to test the wayside accommodation for devotees of "cheap mixed touring." As far as England is concerned, it forms a plea for "intelligent inkeeping." The authors' experiences are described with infinite vivacity, and Alice herself would surely be satisfied with the prodigal abundance of "pictures and conversation."

With the foregoing work may appropriately be bracketed yet a third conjugal adventure—on this occasion by aeroplane—recorded in "CAPE TOWN TO CLYDE." By Richard Humble. With a Foreword by Colonel the Master of Sempill. With Illustrations and Maps (Longmans; 5s.). Mr. and Mrs. Humble flew in a "Puss Moth" monoplane, and the story of their experiences, related briefly and plainly, with practical advice and information, should be very useful to other air travellers. Though their route was over different parts of Africa, the book has some affinities with Mr. Wyndham Lewis's chapter on flying across the unknown region of the Rio de Oro.

To that dainty little series, the Kitbag Travel Books, have been added three new volumes which maintain its repute for attractions both literary and pictorial—"THE PYRENEES." French and Spanish. By E. Allison Peers, Professor of Spanish in the University of Liverpool, author of "Spain" and "Royal Seville" (Harrap; 7s. 6d.); "VENICE": Its Story, Architecture and Art. By Arnold Lunn, author of "The Alps" and "The Mountains of Youth"; and "THE ITALIAN LAKES AND LAKE-LAND CITIES." By Arnold Lunn (Harrap; 5s. each). All these delightful little books have coloured frontispieces and numerous photographs. Professor Peers calls the Pyrenees "a natural playground," and tells us that he approached the task of writing his book "much as the schoolboy approaches a rather pleasant holiday task. It is a 'play' book, which attempts to be a pleasant companion." Mr. Arnold Lunn reminds us that buildings, as well as filibusters, can inspire vituperation. "Ruskin," we read, "worshipped Gothic architecture and detested the Renaissance. He wrote of the former in prose of rare beauty and matchless rhythm, and attacked the latter with incomparable invective." That spirit of *saeva indignatio*, which consumed the soul of Jonathan Swift, may be stirred by a Palladian façade as well as by a piratical politician, but, whatever the cause, it remains in the high tradition of English literature.

To conclude where I began—in Northern Africa—here are two notable books concerned a good deal with real filibustering, in the original sense, on the part of native tribes. We hear from time to time of Abyssinian raids on the borders of British territory, and of a progressive ruler's efforts to suppress slavery. A vivid and well-illustrated account of his realm is given in "THE CITADEL OF ETHIOPIA." The Empire of the Divine Emperor. By Max Gruhl. Translated from the German by Ian F. D. Morrow and L. M. Sieveking (Cape; 15s.). Stirring tales of fighting and adventure in the Sudan, by one of those fine British soldiers who have held outposts of Empire, are told in "PEOPLE OF THE BOOK." By Major A. J. Pott. With Foreword by General Sir Reginald Wingate, Bt. With Illustrations and Maps (Blackwood; 5s.). In his Foreword the famous ex-Governor of the Sudan gives a short memoir of the author, who died last year, and pays a high tribute to his splendid services. C. E. B.

### To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

There is at least one, and sometimes more, to each of the 180 pages, and the reproductions have that artistic quality associated with the Medici Picture Guides (of which this book forms a volume), as with all the Medici Society's admirable publications.

Yet another mood of travel—that of rollicking good humour—is exemplified attractively in "TRIVIAL ADVENTURES IN THE SPANISH HIGHLANDS." By Michael H. Mason, author of "The Arctic Forests" and "Deserts Idle." With Photographs by A. S. M. (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.). In the most depressing and sometimes alarming circumstances—amid village squalor or on the verge of a precipice—the author seldom loses his facetious tone. On occasion, indeed, he can trounce unpleasant folk with his pen as roundly as Mr. Wyndham Lewis, but the occasions were comparatively few. It was before the Spanish Revolution that Mr. Mason and his wife (who, I gather, is to be credited with the excellent illustrations) travelled on horseback or afoot off the beaten track of tourists, hobnobbing with all and sundry and putting up for the night in many strange haunts.

Finally, they fetched up at Coruna, and it is pleasant to read at this point: "Our horses are well housed in a large smithy whose permanently blotto Castilian proprietor thinks I am quite mad for feeding and tending them. Animals are terribly neglected in Galicia, and we could never harden our hearts to sell into such wretchedness the good little beasts that have carried us and our belongings so bravely across the Peninsula. So we have booked them a passage home." From a

# THE OAK PARLOUR AT SULGRAVE MANOR FURNISHED: A TIMELY GIFT.



THE OAK PARLOUR IN THE QUEEN ANNE WING OF SULGRAVE MANOR, WHICH HAS BEEN REPAIRED AND FURNISHED: A BEAUTIFUL ROOM IN THE ELIZABETHAN HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S ANCESTORS.



REPAIRED AND FURNISHED IN TIME FOR THE WASHINGTON BICENTENARY CELEBRATION AT SULGRAVE MANOR ON JULY 14: THE OAK PARLOUR; SHOWING THE HITCHCOCK SPINET.



ONE OF A PAIR OF QUEEN ANNE CHAIRS IN BLACK LACQUER DECORATED IN GOLD AND COLOURS IN THE CHINESE TASTE.



GIVEN BY HIS PARENTS IN MEMORY OF THOMAS SHERRERD: THE MEMORIAL ORCHARD AT SULGRAVE, BORDERED WITH HEDGES OF CLIPPED YEWE.



ANOTHER RECENT ADDITION TO THE MANOR: A QUEEN ANNE MIRROR IN CARVED WOOD AND GILT GESSO.



ADDED TO THE OAK PARLOUR: A QUEEN ANNE CLOCK OF KINGWOOD, ORNAMENTED WITH CHASED ORMOLU MOUNTS.

A PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON ON GLASS BY AN UNKNOWN AMERICAN ARTIST (1788).



A QUEEN ANNE WALNUT SETTEE; THE CUSHIONED SEAT, BACK AND ARMS COVERED WITH FINE CONTEMPORARY NEEDLEWORK.

A SILHOUETTE OF MRS. WASHINGTON ON GLASS BY AN UNKNOWN AMERICAN ARTIST.



A MAGNIFICENT ADDITION TO THE OAK PARLOUR: A SPINET BY THOMAS HITCHCOCK, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH MUSICAL INSTRUMENT-MAKER; THE CASE RESTING ON ITS ORIGINAL WALNUT STAND.



A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PICTURE BOARD DUMMY: A FIGURE OF A LITTLE BOY, WITH LACE COLLAR AND RUFFLES.

Our readers will recall the double-page of pictures of Sulgrave Manor, Northamptonshire, the home of George Washington's ancestors, which was published in our issue of February 13. On this page we return to the subject, with illustrations of some recent additions to the Manor. Mr. H. Clifford Smith has kindly furnished us with the following note: "A handsome donation has lately been received by the Sulgrave Manor Board from Mrs. A. H. Chatfield, of East Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, a member of the Sulgrave Board of Governors and of the National Society of Colonial Dames

of America, for the restoration of the Oak Parlour at Sulgrave Manor, in memory of her son, Frederick Chatfield, who accompanied her on her last visit to Sulgrave. The furnishing of this little room in the Queen Anne wing of the Manor House . . . with a group of fine contemporary pieces of Queen Anne furniture, has just been completed in time for the Washington Bicentennial Celebration at Sulgrave on July 14. . . ." It should be added that H.E. the American Ambassador made arrangements to visit Sulgrave on that date for the celebrations.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A NAVAL OCCASION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

I HAVE recently been masquerading as a member of the Society for Nautical Research, and as such attended the annual general meeting which marked that body's twenty-first birthday. I should like to explain to as many people as can be induced to glance at this page that this society, in spite of its somewhat formidable title, more than deserves the active interest of every man, woman, and child who has ever opened an English history book or looked upon a fine ship with quickened pulse. Those whose profession is, or has been, that of the sea will require no urging: the rest of us will, I suggest, need no more than a little tactful prodding. The society exists for the study of nautical archaeology: pictures, ship models, relics of great sailors, letters and maps, accounts of voyages—in short, history writ large—are its main preoccupations, and I take this opportunity of reminding my readers that its efficiency was admirably demonstrated quite recently by its success in renovating the *Victory* at Portsmouth. For this notable work the sum of £105,000 was raised, at an administrative cost of about 3½ per cent., and—after an immense amount of research—the famous ship was restored to her original appearance.

The project now in process of accomplishment is the establishment at Greenwich of a National Maritime Museum—an ambitious scheme, which, in the nature of things, will never reach a final conclusion simply because more and more worthy acquisitions will gravitate to the Museum as the years pass. Already the foundations have been well and truly laid. There are the pictures and Nelson relics which have long been on view to visitors in the Painted Hall, and there is also the immense variety of the Macpherson Collection, which only awaits room for its proper display. Next year the Royal Hospital School moves into the country, and its fine buildings will soon afterwards become available. (I hope, by the way, that the hull at present in the forecourt will be moved—it utterly spoils the architectural scheme of double staircase and colonnades.)

Acquisitions of the past year were on view to the members. These included a remarkable series of more than a hundred Van de Velde drawings (bought, I understand, on the Continent), various atlases and

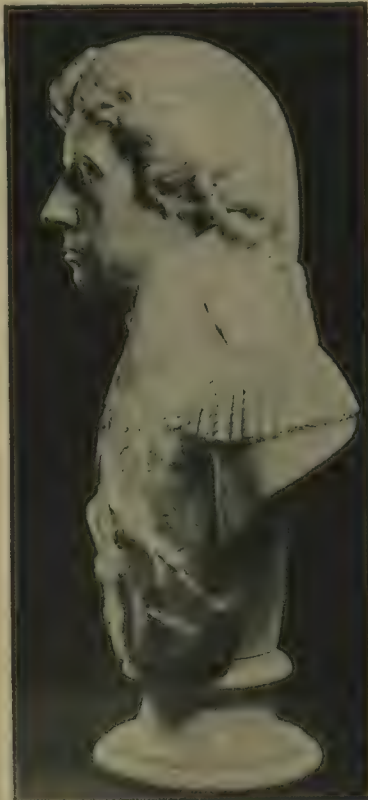
manuscripts, and some notable pictures. It is, perhaps, necessary to point out that a society of this character is interested in pictures from a historical point of view: if their æsthetic quality is considerable, so much the better, but their historical importance must always be the determining factor in their acquisition, if not in their price. A portrait of a famous personage, or the delineation of a famous ship, is what matters. The wandering critic, therefore, must not expect the high artistic standards of Trafalgar Square: none the less, he will be surprised and delighted at the number of pictures that would easily hold their own in that incomparable collection. I would mention first the delightful Hogarth which was illustrated last week in colour in these pages, showing Lord Graham at his ease in his cabin, with secretary, negro servant, and little dog; and a fine Reynolds of Admiral Keppel. (I overheard somebody enquire whether this was not all new paint—the answer, Sir, is in the negative.) A brilliant and extremely interesting contemporary portrait of Queen Elizabeth by Marc Gheerardts—nearly all Tudor painters were imported—shows the Queen covered in jewels, but in mourning, and with a mourning ring on her finger (Leicester had just died), and was painted at Greenwich in 1588, the year of the Armada. Of less artistic but of extreme historical importance is a portrait of Sir Francis Drake wearing the jewel given him by the Queen after his circumnavigation of the globe. Another acquisition which can be said to belong to Greenwich is a full length of Charles I. by Daniel Mytens. This is a splendid Mytens as

employed by so many of the seventeenth-century Dutch marine artists is splendidly represented. Indeed, one has to visit Amsterdam before one can find an array of similar works to equal this collection. Among recent acquisitions is a



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE WEARING THE JEWEL GIVEN TO HIM BY QUEEN ELIZABETH AFTER HIS CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF THE GLOBE: A PORTRAIT, BY MARC GHEERARDTS THE ELDER, WHICH WAS IDENTIFIED WITH THE AID OF THE ORIGINAL JEWEL.

This portrait was publicly exhibited for the first time on the occasion of the twenty-first birthday of the Society for Nautical Research. It was painted after the overthrow of the Great Armada; when Drake sat to Marc Gheerardts the Elder; Howard of Effingham, the Lord High Admiral, to Daniel Mytens; and Queen Elizabeth to Marc Gheerardts the Younger. (See "Our Notebook" page.) Until it was identified recently with the aid of the jewel presented to Drake by the Queen, at Greenwich, after his voyage of circumnavigation, it remained in obscurity. This jewel is preserved in Devon.



A FINE MARBLE BUST OF NELSON: A WORK JUST PRESENTED TO THE SOCIETY FOR NAUTICAL RESEARCH FOR THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH, AND EXHIBITED FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THE TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY OF THE SOCIETY.

This bust came from the collection of the most notable connoisseur of sculpture in Nelson's day, and is a gift upon which the Society for Nautical Research may well pride itself.

far as Mytens goes, but he does not go very far. (Here speaks the lover of pictures *qua* pictures.) It is none the less an eminently suitable acquisition, for the King sat for this portrait at Greenwich, and a glimpse of the Park forms a background to the figure. Another picture which must not be missed is a little Backhuizen of the highest quality representing the action at Vigo Bay, October 1702.

The "grisaille" method of painting in monochrome

large Witmont, "The Battle of the Gabbard, 2-4 June 1653," and a "Battle of Barfleur, May 1692," by that excellent "little" master, Abraham Salm.

A series of four Samuel Scotts specially painted for Lord Anson is delightful. They commemorate "The Burning of Payta, 1741," "The Engagement between the Centurion and the Cavadonga, 1743," "The Action between the Nottingham (60) and the Mars (64), 1746," and "The First Battle of Finisterre, 1747."

Finally—omitting many other items—is an anonymous bust of Nelson, very sensitive and likable, once part of the famous Hope collection.

To those who take any interest in nautical affairs all roads lead to Greenwich: I would, however, like to suggest that the only adequate road is the most ancient of all, the River Thames. Go to Westminster Pier and get into a motor-boat: the journey takes about an hour. One passes the bridges, the docks, the commerce of the Seven Seas. At the end of the voyage one finds oneself in exactly the right mood to appreciate both the architectural beauty of the Royal Naval College and its history. Inigo Jones and Wren made the one; the other is compounded of courage and endeavour since the beginnings of our maritime history.

And let me add that a guinea subscription sent to the Hon. Sec. of the Society—Professor Geoffrey Callender, Royal Naval College, Greenwich, S.E.—brings membership, with the privilege of access to pictures and relics of the utmost historical importance.



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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### FINLAND'S COMPOSER.

IT is an odd fact that the small countries of Europe have not produced any great composers during the last two hundred years with the possible exception of Italy, which, however, can hardly be considered as anything but one of the great cultural Powers. Italy has also the oldest and most unbroken musical tradition of any country in the world. In Jean Sibelius, born in 1865, Finland possesses a composer who has claims to be recognised as one of the most outstanding personalities in contemporary music. Of late years his work has been more and more appreciated in this country, and there are numerous musicians and amateurs who make enormous claims for him, some going so far as to assert that he is the greatest symphonist since Beethoven. The interest in his music has grown with the opportunities of hearing it, and now it has culminated in the formation of a Sibelius Society, which gave the first concert in London devoted exclusively to the compositions of Sibelius at the Queen's Hall last week.

### HELSINGFORS AND LONDON.

This concert was conducted by Professor Robert Kajanus, a Finn and an old friend of Sibelius, who has been conductor at Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, for many years. Finland is a highly civilised country, and it is a little humiliating to English musicians to learn that at Helsingfors one hears all the latest operas for which we wait in vain in London. Alban Berg's "Wozzeck," for example, which has made a great sensation on the Continent, and has been performed in Vienna and almost everywhere in Germany, has also been produced in Helsingfors; but I don't suppose we shall hear it in London for another ten years. In spite of the popularity of Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" at Covent Garden, we have never even heard Strauss's other

operas, "Die Frau ohne Schatten" (which is thirteen years old), "Intermezzo," and "Die Egyptische Helene." It is clear, then, that in its permanent and active opera house Helsingfors possesses some advantages over London.

### EARLY AND LATE SIBELIUS.

The programme of the Sibelius concert included five compositions dating from about 1899 to 1929. The earliest work was the popular "Finlandia," one of those lively, tuneful compositions that suggest an origin in folk-song; but in this case we are assured that Sibelius's themes are all his own and owe nothing at all to folk-song. The rest of the programme was made up of two symphonies, the third in C major and the fifth in E flat major, and two symphonic poems, "Daughter of the North" and "Tapiola." The two symphonies are straightforward and, in a sense, well-constructed works, although I do not feel that they achieve a real unity and completeness. The organic quality which Beethoven's symphonies possess is missing: for example, the first movement of Sibelius's fifth symphony might be taken out and played separately as a symphonic poem with a suitable title. On the other hand, each movement is in itself well constructed as a rule, and the music does move forward and progress somewhere instead of standing still, as is so often the case with modern composers who attempt to write symphonies. Although a period of ten years separates these two symphonies, there is a real change of style, but the workmanship is more sure and effective in the later work.

### DESCRIPTIVE MUSIC.

In spite of the claims made for Sibelius as a symphonist by some critics, I feel that his true *métier* is descriptive music in the sense in which Debussy's "Prelude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune," "Nuages," and "Fêtes" are descriptive music, but

not in the sense in which Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" or Saint-Saëns' "Le Rouet d'Omphale" or Dukas's "L'Apprenti-Sorcier" are descriptive. The difference between these two classes is that the former is atmospheric and descriptive of nature, whilst the latter class is dramatically descriptive and concerns actions rather than moods. The symphonic poems such as "Daughter of the North" and "Tapiola" are wholly expressive of nature and the effect of natural phenomena upon the mind. At his best, Sibelius does succeed in conveying to us some of the impressions made on him by the strange and very individual character of the country of Finland, with its dark, mysterious forests of fir, its wide, gleaming horizons, and innumerable lakes. Now and then, by a very personal method of instrumentation, and by the actual quality of his themes and harmonies, Sibelius creates a momentary illusion of mystery and power; but, unfortunately, I find these moments rather rare, and there are large sections of his music—as, for example, the last movement of the third symphony—where there is nothing more but a folk-dance measure decorated with the resources of the modern orchestra, but by this very means made monotonous and boring in its over-treatment of simple and not very interesting material.

One is so grateful, however, to hear a genuine talent that one is inclined to enjoy Sibelius without being hypercritical. He is hardly rich and diverse enough to stand the trial of having a whole concert devoted to his music, but it was necessary to hear a large mass of his works together in order to estimate him more accurately; and now we have had this opportunity we shall be all the more ready to enjoy his works singly as we have the opportunity of hearing them. We can do this whole-heartedly, without in the least subscribing to the opinion that in Sibelius we have another musical creative genius of the calibre of Beethoven, which is, in my opinion, quite nonsensical.

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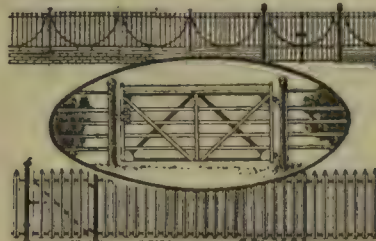
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## QUO VADIS, GERMANIA?

(Continued from Page 88.)

We asked him whether the manifesto published by the present Government on its accession, and the permission granted to the Nazis to re-arm their troops, could help towards the constitutional development of a Parliamentary Republic. Our interlocutor admitted that the Government had not been happily inspired when composing its manifesto; and he considered that the re-formation of the Hitlerian troops was a satisfaction granted to the Nazi party which was not expected to last long, and was not considered dangerous for the time being at least. If the National Socialists attempted to make use of their armed troops to form a revolution to-morrow, then, the optimistic German informed us, they would find themselves up against the Reichswehr and the generals. Backed up by the Socialists and the Catholics, both the latter would defend the Republic. Let us hope that he is not mistaken; in any case, he is of the opinion that an armed party is a monstrosity in a democratic Republic.

The optimistic German is convinced that the Government will try, by means of the forthcoming General Election, to parliamentarise Nazism; but he is less convinced of the success of the attempt. There are Germans who are sure that it will succeed; others, on the contrary, say that nothing is more difficult than to foretell what is going to happen; on one point they are all agreed: that the next General Election to the Reichstag will be a decisive event. If the Government fails in its efforts to make the Nazi party into a Parliamentary party, no one can foresee what fate is in store for Germany, and, in consequence, Europe.

"I understand," concluded the optimistic German, "that all this must seem obscure and hard to understand, especially for a Frenchman. In France politics have always followed much simpler and more logical lines. But you must not forget that, in spite of her apparent order, Germany has lived in chaos—that is to say, without any reliable system of government and without any certain direction, since the French Revolution; and that the Revolution, especially the Napoleonic conquests, threw us into chaos. The policy of Bismarck and that of the Empire until 1914 were only an adventure, hazarded in order to conceal that internal chaos from the world and from Germany herself. For a while the adventure seemed to have succeeded. But it was an illusion; we are now finding it out to our cost."

That is the gist of the statements made at Geneva by a certain number of competent and well-informed Germans. What are we to make of them? In order to arrive at the residue of truth contained in these remarks, we must isolate it from all sincere illusions and voluntary distortions

with which party spirit, national interest, or ideological passion may have clouded it. That operation is too difficult to perform, especially when it is a matter of table talk, exchanged between persons of whom one only knows their official qualifications. I shall confine myself to reflections of a more general order; they may serve to help to put this information to judicious use, in order to understand what is going on in Germany.

It is certainly going rather far to assert that a monarchist restoration in Germany is impossible. A republic only has the right to proclaim its immortality after at least half a century's test. But is a monarchist restoration in Germany, even if we have not the right to consider it impossible, such a simple operation and inevitable event as is supposed in so many circles? From that point of view the optimistic German is right. The obstacles which render a monarchist restoration in Germany so difficult, if not unsurmountable, are numerous and serious, far more numerous and serious than is generally supposed. The follies of men, the caprices of fortune, the complexities of events may enable the most unlikely enterprises to succeed, but for the time being it would be wiser not to look upon an event that may very well never occur again as inevitable in the immediate future.

National Socialism is not the slow outcome of a doctrine, good or bad, like Democratic Socialism or Communism. It cannot point to its principles in a book at least half a century old. Like Fascism, with which it has many points of resemblance, National Socialism is, rather than a movement, an explosion. As far as immediate results are concerned, that is a considerable advantage. In the absence of any precise doctrine, it can gather up all discontents, organise the avalanche of all despairs and exasperations, of however opposite a character. But it is a law of all historical movements that only those that have been slowly formed have any chance of lasting. In the lives of nations, improvisations quickly pass away.

National Socialism is an improvisation destined to pass away quickly; but, like storms, hurricanes, and tornadoes, it may leave many ruins in its wake. Many years of labour are sometimes needed to rebuild what a hurricane took one hour to destroy. I have no means of ascertaining whether our optimistic German was speaking the truth, or whether he was exaggerating, when he spoke of the anxiety aroused by National Socialism among the upper classes in Germany, even in that section of them that in the beginning approved, encouraged, and financed the movement. It seems to me, however, that there must be a certain amount of truth in these statements. If the groups and classes of the old régime have not completely lost their reason, they must be wondering where this movement, if left to itself, is going to lead Germany and Europe. . . .

If, on this point, I believe the optimistic German to be right; I wish I could be as certain that these groups and classes were not inclined to mingle with these entirely justifiable concerns the secret hope of once more making use indirectly of that revolutionary force, not only to save Germany and Europe, but to regain the power that they themselves lost in 1918. It is so easy for a party to identify its own success with the common good! That old Germany of Bismarck's, that old Germany still faithful to the Hohenzollerns in exile, might once again try to serve its own ends by means of that revolution that it loathes.

It was at the Court of the Hohenzollerns that this policy was born, in the latter years of the eighteenth century. In it the Hohenzollerns found a means of combating Napoleon and the French domination. Between 1815 and 1848 it was dormant. After 1848 it was revived by the Hohenzollerns and the House of Savoy at the same time and, in a certain measure, by agreement. Bismarck was the eminent champion of that policy that appeared to have justified him in the eyes of reason and history by definite successes. He thought he had revealed a salutary truth to the world when he said that liberalism was child's play, but that revolution was a force. We now see where that policy has led Germany and Europe. Any attempts to repeat it in *extremis*, in the midst of the ruins that it has accumulated from 1848 to 1918, with its apparent triumphs, would be the final misfortune for the world.

Germany is generally spoken of, with her ambitions and responsibilities, as though she had always been a unity, from her kings and reigning princes down to the meanest of her peasants. But that is a mistake. Throughout the whole of the nineteenth century until 1914, Germany was ruled by an energetic and powerful oligarchy which has never hesitated, except in the period ranging from 1815 to 1848, to defend its interests and power by the most revolutionary means. That oligarchy fell in November 1918 beneath the terrible consequences of its paradoxical policy. Men who belonged to that oligarchy are now once more in power in Germany. If, in reality, as certain well-informed and reliable people allege, they wish to help Germany to struggle out of her present chaos by means of reason and legality, so much the better. We should desire the conversion, not the death, of the sinner. But it is always wise to look out for a possible re-awakening, in these somewhat belated disciples, of the old Bismarckian and Hohenzollern spirit, that spirit that Bismarck summed up in the phrase: "Liberalism is child's play; revolution is a force."

Times have changed. To-day revolution is nothing but a destructive hallucination; the one vital question, both for peoples and for classes, is liberty.

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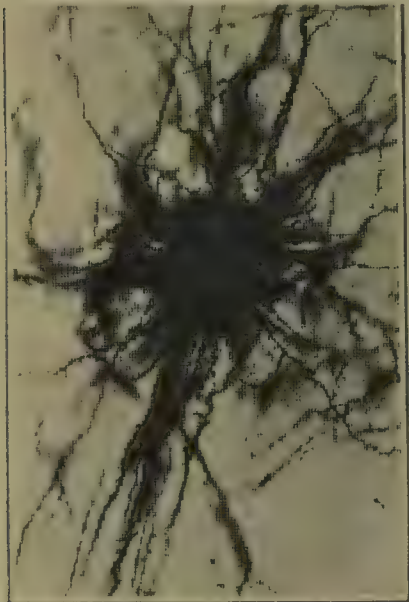
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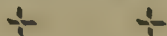
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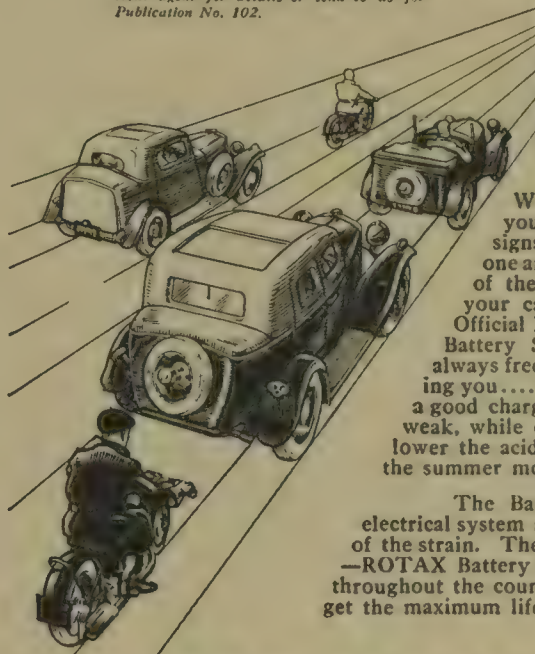
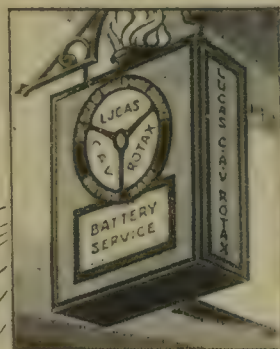
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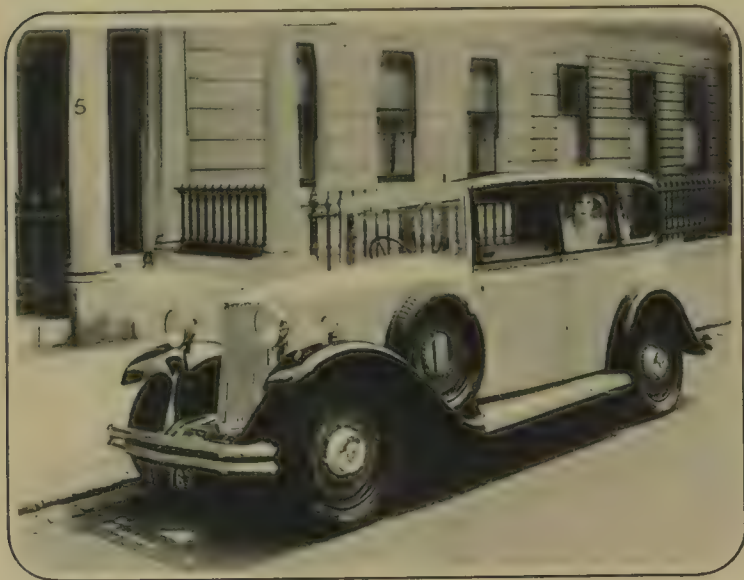
By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, attended by Major R. T. Stanyforth, M.C., visited the Standard Motor Co.'s works at Canley, Coventry, on Tuesday (July 12), and attended a luncheon given in his honour. His Royal Highness officially opened the new pavilion for the Standard staff by unveiling a tablet in this building, in which the luncheon was

voiced their claims for at least equal, if not better, treatment. At the moment there appear to be three points for improvement. The first desire seems to be arm-rests for the driver so arranged that the elbows can find a resting-place with the hands on the steering wheel, yet in such a position as will not impede the steering action of the driver in speedy corner work. Some saloon cars do provide these arm-rests,

but they are the exceptions to the general rule. The present demand is that they should be a standard equipment for all cars. The second demand refers to less draught from the pedal floor slots, which at present are only properly closed in high-priced models. Already 1933 cars are appearing and it will be interesting to see if low-priced cars are to be provided with these dirt and draught excluders. The third point is, perhaps, less universally demanded than those already stated, namely, easy - to-change gear ratios. Already there are a number of makers of automobiles which are provided with various forms of easily changed gears which require the minimum of skill in timing the correct moment to shift from an indirect second-or

early war-time aeroplane engines, and are quite unsuitable for any motor-car engine, however much reconditioned by anybody. This is the considered opinion of the K.L.G. experts, so I warn folk not to waste their money on buying such plugs. Also, as the Air Ministry sold them from stores as unserviceable plugs for present-day aeroplane engines, they ought to have been broken up for scrap instead of being re-sold to the public. Such dud plugs are a potential source of danger, and K.L.G. Sparking Plugs, Ltd., makers of K.L.G. plugs, refuse any responsibility whatsoever for such reconditioned articles, so that the motoring public can only save themselves from trouble by not purchasing these. And although I have mentioned only one make of plug in this warning, these remarks apply generally to all such make-shift goods. The latest type of sparking-plugs are rather smaller than the ordinary spark-producers we have been used to, as motor manufacturers have at last taken the advice of experts such as the K.L.G. people, and some of the 1933 cars are being fitted with a form of Midget-



THE WIFE OF A FAMOUS R.A. CHOOSES HER CAR: LADY LAVERY IN HER BLACK AND IVORY ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY.

held. After inspecting the works, the Duke proceeded to take delivery of a 1933 Standard 16-h.p. saloon supplied to him through the Car Mart, Ltd., of 50, Park Lane, London, W.1. Thus began the delivery of another new season's motors. Each new season in the motor world seems to hurry on the demise of its forerunner. Still, as each new series of cars are better than those preceding them, the public are the gainers in the long run.

Another new gadget for safety in motoring is now available. This is the Amal "Flame-trap." It definitely eliminates the risk of fire caused by blow-back through the carburettor air-intake. The principle of the trap has been approved and adopted by

third-speed ratio into top gear, and vice versa, in order to obtain a certain and silent gear change. If rumours can be believed, the forthcoming Olympia Motor Show in October will see more makes of cars fitted with such mechanism than has been the case for English-built models in the past. Whether such designs will apply to every gear-ratio or be limited to two of the gears, remains to be seen. The demand of the drivers is that all gears should be equally easy to change up or

down, whether first or low or intermediate or high (top) ratios. And this demand is strongest, as far as I can gather, from those motorists who buy or wish to buy low-priced vehicles. Whether motor manufacturers can accommodate these demands without having to raise prices is the difficulty, but at any rate public opinion usually obtains the object it has in view. Consequently we may see greater comfort, provided for all drivers in every make

of car in due course.

## Dud Plugs: a Warning.

At this period of Sales—with a capital "S"—motorists should be very careful in buying standard accessories at much below ordinary prices. I raise this warning, as a motoring acquaintance purchased a set of reconditioned "war disposal" K.L.G. plugs recently with disastrous consequences, as it cost him about £15 to repair the damage suffered by the engine through their use. These particular "cheap" plugs were designed for



A NEW DEPARTURE IN "BIG-LITTLE" CARS: THE STANDARD "LITTLE TWELVE"; A SIX-CYLINDER MODEL.

This car is built on the lines of the 1933 Standard "Little Nine"; but has the added power and performance of a six-cylinder engine. This unit develops 29 b.h.p. from an R.A.C. rating of 12 h.p. The new four-speed silent gear-box is quiet and vibrationless. A two- or four-seater touring model of this car costs £189. The special saloon seen here costs £204.

plug, as first introduced to the motoring community by the K.L.G. concern about five or six years ago. The new Standard cars are an example of this practice. Writing of accessories reminds me that the K.L.G. waterproof terminals for connecting the wires to the

[Continued overleaf.]



A NEW LANCHESTER: THE 1933 15-18 MODEL—A SIX-WINDOW SALOON WHICH WILL BE SHOWN AT OLYMPIA IN THE AUTUMN.

the Air Ministry for use on the engines of passenger-carrying aircraft, and there is a modified form for marine engines to combat the equally serious risk of fire at sea. The Amal "Flame-trap" is cup-shaped, and comprised of a corrugated and flat ribbon of special non-corrosive metal (unaffected by sea water), wound together in the form of a flat spiral, thus producing a series of short, triangular tunnels of very small area which definitely prevent the passage of flame. It is now being made by Amal, Ltd., in five different types, costing from 17s. 6d. to 55s. each.

## More Comfort for Drivers.

Now motor manufacturers are providing so much extra comfort for the passengers in every type of car, whether open or closed, drivers have suddenly



CAR VERSUS LINER IN A RACE TO INDIA: CAPTAIN T. YATES BENYON WITH THE HILLMAN "MINX" IN WHICH HE IS ATTEMPTING THE OVERLAND JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO CALCUTTA IN A SHORTER TIME THAN THE S.S. "MANORA."

Capt. Benyon's "Minx" is a touring model, the only alterations from the standard type being the fitting of larger tyres, and a slightly lower back-axle ratio to compensate for this. Captain Benyon's route runs by way of Brussels, Cologne, Vienna, Budapest, Constantinople, Aleppo, Damascus, Baghdad, Duzdab, Quetta, and Delhi.



Intriguing, this motoring, undoubtedly. Speed is the first new thrill for centuries. Curious how drivers vary and cars more so. Happy fussy fat ones, others long, lithe and insolent. Some sensitive and powerful, many purposeless, impertinent.

The ladies, bless their hearts, care not why the wheels go round. Absorbed enthusiasts argue of brakes and fuel, cams and gears. In a varied world one thing is uniform. Castrol—"because the instruction book says so." Campbell chose it.

So English. Record Sales last year.



*Continued.*  
sparking-plugs are particularly useful for motor-cycle and marine engines, as well as for car engines. Their cost is two shillings each terminal, and well worth that small sum to save earthing troubles in wet weather for cars and cycles, or in heavy seas on the water.

#### Alvis Speed Four-Seater.

Sports cars with open four-seating touring bodies are now fashionable, so there is an increasing demand for such speedy models as the 20-h.p. Alvis, or "Speed Twenty" as it is commonly called. The great charm of this particular model, fitted with its four-seating coachwork, is that if you wish to accelerate very rapidly indeed, you use the gear ratios of the gear-box; but equally you can jog along on top gear, putting your foot down hard on the accelerator pedal to get away much quicker at fairly high speed when you want to do so, without troubling to change gear. But remember this engine is fairly sensitive, so use the hand-operated ignition control to retard the spark when the engine is turning at low revolutions per minute. The four-seating sports 20-h.p. Alvis costs complete £695, but every motorist will wish to own one, notwithstanding times are a bit hard, because this "Speed Twenty" Alvis has a most exhilarating effect on the driver: the engine is so responsive to the call of the pilot, and the car sits on the road at all speeds with the assurance of a railway carriage—it is so steady. I believe that 90 miles an hour is its possible maximum speed. I know that it can travel at 85 miles an hour, and that was near enough to the maximum to satisfy me, and most other folk, too, I expect. But the joy in driving this car is its accelerating ability to jump from 20 miles an hour to 40 miles an hour in about half-a-dozen seconds, proceeding to increase to 50 or 60 miles an hour, if you wish, in another six or seven seconds.

### THE PLAYHOUSES.

#### "THE PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

THIS is a delightful comic opera, written in just the right spirit of burlesque, while the score is not only delicately mocking, but extremely melodious.

Mr. Trefor Jones plays the hero, Lieutenant Lancelot Brown, who is falsely accused of stealing dispatches and cashiered from the regiment, with great skill. He has an excellent voice, too, and used it to effect, particularly in a pretty waltz number, "Love Calls As No One Supposes." Mr. Gavin Gordon, with the monocle of villainy in his eye and a fine sweeping cavalry moustache, was a perfect Captain Rudolph De Vavasour; his singing of a mock-Handelian ballad, "The Children's Voices Guileless Sing," was the richest thing in an evening full of good things. Miss Kathlyn Hilliard was a charming heroine, and the Misses Colleen Clifford and Charlotte Leigh scored in a joyous duet, maliciously of the period, "O Gay's the Month of May." Messrs. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley and Frank Birch were amusing as General Sir Joshua Blazes and the Prime Minister respectively.

#### "SAVOY FOLLIES," AT THE SAVOY.

Mr. Archie de Bear, assisted by Mr. Reginald Arkell and Mr. Wolseley Charles, has concocted a perfect dish for hot weather consumption. There is a witty number, "The Idle Rich," in which two tramps congratulate themselves on the announcement in the financial columns of the newspapers that "Money is much easier to-day," and a fine burlesque of an "All-British Production," "The Dishonoured Czech," in which Miss Florence Desmond and Mr. Stanley Holloway brightly impersonate Miss Anny Ahlers and Mr. Francis Lederer. Both of these artists are at the top of their form. Miss Desmond's imitations of various Hollywood stars were encored so often that she had to confess that she "didn't know any more." Mr. Holloway not only sang finely, but gave some amusing farmyard imitations, while his sad story concerning young Albert Ramsbotham, who was eaten by a lion at the Blackpool "Zoo," drew tears—of laughter. Mr. Gillie Potter was also very amusing in his inimitable way. Wireless listeners will be glad to see the creator of the Marshmallows of Hogsnoton in person; his Judicial Pronouncement as to which Act of Parliament a vendor of toffee apples should be prosecuted under was a gem of satire. Excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan, "Days of the Old Savoy," made an appropriate finale to an admirable entertainment.

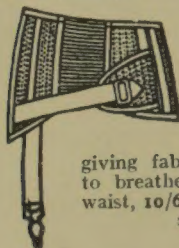
### THE LIES OF THE LEARNED.

(Continued from page 100.)

once occupied by the Egyptians! Unfortunately, there are no traces of Egyptian civilisation on this barren rock; but suppose a few flints of the well-known Egyptian form were to be found there? No sooner supposed than done; and in the elaborate structure of argumentation which is afterwards built up, the falsity of the premises is almost forgotten by the cheat himself. Nothing emerges more clearly from M. de Pradenne's masterly study than the fact that this passion of *prepossession* is the greatest enemy of scientific truth. Thus three of his early examples of "mystification" are all concerned with prepossessions growing out of the absorbing problem of the Age of Man. In 1839, Koch, already half-convinced of the existence of "antediluvian man," was easily deceived by the fraudulent juxtaposition in Missouri of axe-heads and mastodon remains; in 1863, in the case of the "Moulin-Quignon Jawbone," the same device completely gulled Boucher de Perthes, for the excellent reason that he had prejudged the case; and soon after, a miner's hoax in California (the Calaveras Skull) made a national laughing-stock of the earnest Professor Whitney, and excited the satire of no less a person than Bret Harte. M. de Pradenne's accumulated evidence is a solemn warning to all the learned against the fascination of the preconceived thesis, and an impressive reminder of the necessity for the austere impartial mind, difficult though it may be to attain. One other lesson we learn from the numerous controversies which he describes—namely, that "inveterate error" in this most dangerous form of prepossession is proof against evidence or demonstration of any kind. Impervious to all reason, and most obstinate of human beings, is "the convinced dupe." "The convinced dupe, like the political or religious fanatic, feels a sense of detachment which reaches the dimensions of hatred for anybody who does not share his faith. To impose his conviction on others—for the sake of the cause—anything is legitimate: the excellence of the end justifies any means. Hence we frequently encounter this human paradox—the convinced apostle of truth boldly employs falsehood in order to make the truth prevail: though his belief is conceived in good faith, he uses, in support of it, the arguments of bad faith."

How much fruitless and embittered controversy has sprung from this "human paradox"! Certainly many of M. de Pradenne's examples make us blush for the integrity of human opinion and tremble for the value of human evidence. Very appropriately, he concludes a notable contribution to archaeology by suggesting certain practical safeguards against the "faith unfaithful" which keeps scientists "falsely true." C. K. A.

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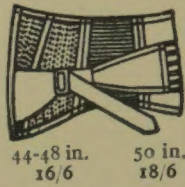


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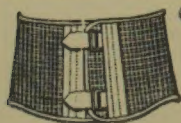


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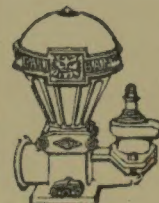
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# ON A WARM AFTERNOON

You'll enjoy this

NEW STYLE MAGAZINE

'Within the precincts of St. James's is a little street called Petty France that is well known to Americans who do not die in Paris. On fine mornings when the stock markets look good and the family wants to convert travel cheques into heirlooms, Pa and Ma walk down there to buy Queen Anne furniture and the silver of the early Georges.

It was for this reason amongst others that Serena Merriman selected that nondescript byway as the ideal situation for her Hot Dog café. Being an American herself, she knew a hot dog when she saw one, and appreciated its sentimental appeal to compatriots far from home highways where those golden brown rolls of mystery mingle their appetising perfume with that of gasoline. The idea was partly Serena's and partly that of her English cousin Gerry. As becomes a guardsman who has to maintain honour and glory at his own expense, Gerry knew a thing or two about trading in what is called the West End of London.

'So what you've got to do, young Serena,' he advised, 'is to start a business where you can sit in the parlour and listen to the tinkle of the cash register. How much money have you got?'

'Fifteen hundred dollars — when I've paid my account at Grosvenor House. Then I have a whole wad of debts. I've been frightfully expensive to myself.'

'Forget them until you have something to pay 'em with' said Gerry.

So Serena spent her dollars in advance rent and fitting out the shop with oak benches and tables, a sanded floor, and all the other appurtenances of an old English chop house, including a little home for herself in the two rooms above.

"Little is known of the early history of Balliol garden. By the statutes of 1507 herbs and vegetables were to be grown, and apparently a small plot of ground was allotted with each private chamber. As a good deal of the property of Balliol in the thirteenth century consisted of tenement houses, their gardens probably formed the different allotments. The old Master's garden of Balliol is now covered with buildings, but in Loggan it is shown as a small formal plot, with fruit trees trained against the enclosing walls. The chief feature of Balliol garden to-day are the chestnut trees. How amazed the Lady Devorguilla (the foundress of Balliol) would be could she see the beauty of these countless candelabra of flowers in bloom, for horse-chestnuts, which are natives of Thibet, were unknown in this country till the sixteenth century. Still greater, perhaps, would be her delight in the tulips, which every year light up the sombre dignity of the Fellows' garden in Eights week.

Of the early gardens belonging to University College we know the beautiful wall built in the classical style in the Radcliffe quad. It is best seen from the doorway on the High Street. In the Fellows' garden there is a tulip tree (nearly as large as the one at Wadham), a lovely spectacle from the High Street in autumn, when the leaves are green-gold. In the Master's garden the most conspicuous feature is the beautiful 300-year-old mulberry tree. Near it is a carefully protected little slip grown from 'Milton's mulberry' in the garden of Christ Church, Cambridge." . . . A delightful article "OXFORD'S COLLEGE GARDENS," by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde.

This beautiful signed portrait of JANET GAYNOR GIVEN AWAY with the July Issue



## No other Magazine in the World is quite like it

And it was Gerry Wake who launched Serena's opening night by giving a Hot Dog party to a Royal Prince and such officers of His Majesty's Brigade of Guards as were not on leave, not to mention the Brighter Members of the Younger Set. In fact, the Hot Dog première was so full of those upon whom the snob gossips thrive, that from then on, Serena's cash register tinkled like a busy typewriter every midnight to dawn.

Serena soon found, however, that she had to sell a lot of hot dogs to pay off two thousand pounds of debts." . . . You must read "HOT DOG" . . . in which a dashing member of the Brigade of Guards demonstrates to Miss America that deception is sometimes the better part of valour.

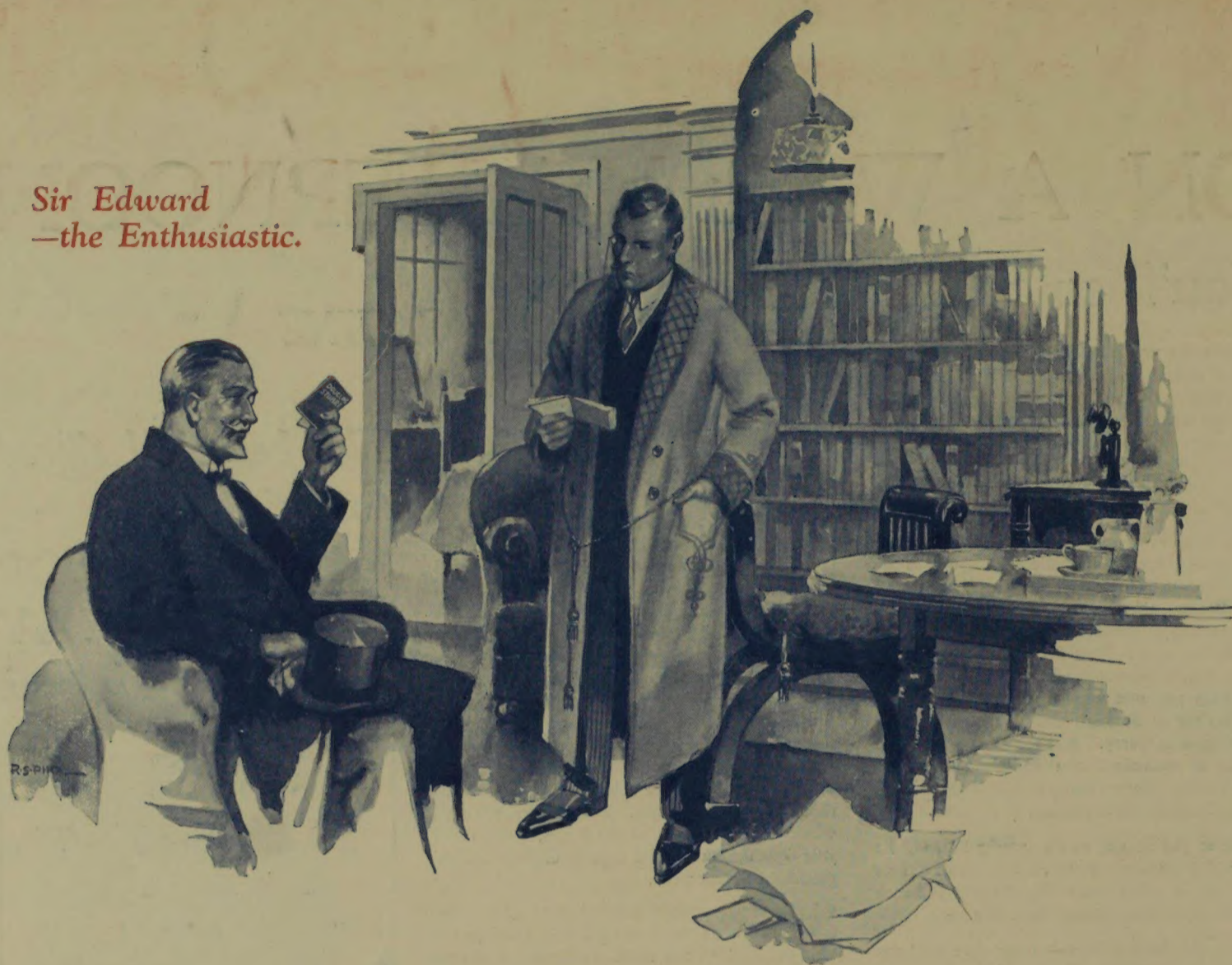
"RESTLESS EXILE FOR A BOURBON DEMOCRAT" by Ferdinand Tuohy  
 "COTTAGE FOR TWO" by Mollie Panter Downes  
 "FAR-EASTERN NIGHTS-OUT" by P. Jerome Willis  
 "THE PERFECT DAY" by Francis Brett-Young  
 "EVE'S FIG LEAF" by C. Patrick Thompson  
 "OXFORD'S COLLEGE GARDENS" by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde  
 "HOT DOG" by F. E. Verney  
 "NAPOLEON THE LITTLE" by Amy St. Loe Strachey  
 "FAMILY LIFE IS DIFFICULT" by Dorothy Black  
 "QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO" by F. Matania, R.I.  
 "BIG BUSINESS" by Gordon Beckles  
 "TABLE DECORATIONS OF MODERN HOSTESSES" by Audrey Wrangham  
 "A PRACTICAL FLAT" by Pamela Murray

"A NEW FRONT-DOOR" by Peggy Freemantle  
 "HAPPY ENDING" by Achmed Abdullab  
 "OUT-OF-DOOR DAYS" by Winifred Lewis  
 "A SUMMER WARDROBE FOR ALL WEATHERS" by Madge Garland  
 "COATS, CAPES AND THEIR DOUBLE DUTIES" by Madge Garland  
 "OPEN LETTERS TO THE WOULD-BE'S OF THE THEATRE" by Hannen Swaffer  
 "FILM THRILLS—ANCIENT AND MODERN" by Sydney Tremayne  
 USEFUL DESIGNS FOR HOLIDAY WEAR  
 "SUMMER LUNCHEONS—COLD AND HOT" by A. H. Adair  
 "HOME-MADE BISCUITS FOR TENNIS TEAS" by Judith Silburn  
 "MARKETING WITH METHOD" by J. S. Bainbridge, M.Sc.  
 MOTORING: Conducted by the Earl of Cardigan  
 WOMEN'S GOLF: Conducted by Eleanor E. Helme

THE JULY ISSUE OF

# BRITANNIA AND EVE

*Sir Edward  
—the Enthusiastic.*



## Comparisons—a “bottle” wager

*Colonel:* “I’ll grant, in the old days, Ted, your enthusiasm for ‘Duggie’ was warranted, but now we’ve the ‘Tote’ there’s a great deal of difference.”

*Sir Edward:* “I fail to see any difference.”

*Colonel:* “Nonsense; the ‘Tote’ is a machine and pays out all it takes, less a percentage.”

*Sir Edward:* “The machine takes no risks, and always stands to win. On the other hand, ‘Duggie’ takes a lot of risk and stands to lose, so you and I, as backers, are better off.”

*Colonel:* “I can’t believe that. There’s a catch somewhere, and I’ll risk a bottle of Clicquot that I’m right.”

*Sir Edward:* “Done. I maintain the only difference is that ‘Duggie’s’ terms are better.”

*Colonel:* “All right, I’ll start with a daily ‘Tote’ double. What can ‘Duggie’ do in this respect?”

*Sir Edward* (looking at Rules): “‘Duggie’ accepts not only daily ‘Tote’ doubles, but any double or accumulator on any race in the programme.”

*Colonel:* “Good for you—but I think I’ve got you beaten on the next.”

*Sir Edward:* “Go ahead!”

*Colonel:* “Well, I can view the runners in the paddock and slip a decent bet on the ‘Tote’ at the last minute. ‘Duggie’ can’t give you that facility.”

*Sir Edward:* “Wrong again, old chap. You can just as easily slip a wire from the racecourse telegraph office. He accepts them handed in right up to the ‘off’!”

*Colonel:* “Astounding! You’ve certainly got the lead, but what about place betting at full ‘Tote’ prices?”

*Sir Edward:* “You’re beaten everywhere, because not only does ‘Duggie’ give full ‘Tote’ prices over winners or placed horses, but pays 5 per cent. extra.”

*Colonel:* “I’m satisfied, let’s have the bottle.”

*Sir Edward:* “And I think the toast should be ‘Duggie’—the man who makes one feel so enthusiastic.”

*Follow Sir Edward’s advice—  
Write a personal note to  
“Duggie” now, and become  
an equally enthusiastic client.*

# Douglas Stuart

“Stuart House,” Shaftesbury Avenue, London.